

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

It was only the very sanguine who looked for a victory for good government in this city on Tuesday. There were no city offices to be filled. The real trial of strength with Tammany will not come off till the mayoral election of 1897. It is in that year that we shall find out finally whether the reform sentiment which worked so powerfully for good has held firm. Tammany's highest vote this year is 122,000. Last year it was 112,000. Here is a gain of only 10,000 votes. The accessions of 10,000 German voters on the excise issue would account for all this increase. Nobody doubts that there were more than double that number of accessions. A generous estimate of the thick-and-thin Tammany vote this year is 90,000. This is only a little more than a third of the total vote cast, which was about 242,000. It is the old story. The people of the city have allowed a minority of their number to get the upper hand of them in an election. Several thousand German voters helped directly to put Tammany in the front by voting for its candidates, but Tammany would have been defeated had not a much larger number of voters, who took the trouble to register, refrained from voting. The total registration was 281,000, and the total vote was not much over 242,000. Nearly 40,000 voters, for reasons known only to themselves, had interest enough in the election to register, but lost that interest before Election Day arrived. Undoubtedly many of them chose abstention from the polls as the best method by which to express their disapproval of the enforcement of the excise law. They could not bring themselves to the point of voting directly for Tammany; neither could they bring themselves to the point of voting in favor of the American Sunday. A large number of other voters came to a similar conclusion about the relative merits of the Fusion and Tammany tickets. When professed reformers told them that one was little better than the other, and that it was really a choice between Platt and Croker, they decided that they would not vote at all.

There were some notable victories elsewhere for the cause of good government. The reelection of David B. Hill to the Senate on the expiration of his present term is rendered impossible by the Republican success in the State at large. In Maryland the bell has begun to toll for Gorman also. It has already tolled for Brice in Ohio. These two men wrecked the Democratic party when they joined together to defeat the Wilson bill in the interest of

the Sugar Trust. Gorman has met his first serious defeat in the rejection of his candidate for Governor of Maryland, and in the assured election of a Republican Senator in place of Gibson, who is his echo and *alter ego* in the Senate. Brice is certainly defeated for reelection. It was loudly proclaimed before the election that if Campbell were successful in Ohio, he would be the Democratic nominee for President next year; and this peril has been averted. If the later returns confirm the reported election of Bradley in Kentucky, that will be fitter cause for rejoicing than the defeat of Hill, Gorman, Brice, and Campbell all together, since it will be the death-knell of the silver faction in the Democratic party. It is not necessary to say that when silver ceases to be a nightmare of the Democrats, it will cease to disturb the dreams of the Republicans also. The far-Western Senators who have been taking on such airs during the past two years, will become as humble and submissive as any other needy office-seekers when they can no longer gain anything by abandoning their own party. The defeat of Hardin in Kentucky will be a sure sign that the Democratic party, neither in the campaign of next year nor in any future campaign, is to be a silver party; and this will be a boon to the country beyond measure.

His own State has "gone back on" one of the leading Jingoists of the country. When Secretary Herbert recently decided that the bid of a Michigan firm for building a war-ship could not be accepted because our treaty with Great Britain forbids the construction of such vessels on the great lakes, Don Dickinson came out with a "ringing" demand that our Government should not be restrained by a little thing like a treaty, and an ingenious plea that we might get around the prohibition by building parts of vessels, but not the whole, in his State. The people of Michigan, however, are not inclined to run the slightest risk of disturbing the present arrangement with Great Britain, even in order to gratify one of their own statesmen. The *Detroit Tribune* points out that, if our Government should take up the Dickinson idea, Great Britain would undoubtedly regard the action as an infraction of the agreement and terminate the treaty, as either party has a right to do. It would be folly, the *Tribune* holds, to give Great Britain the slightest excuse for withdrawing from the bargain, since "all the advantages of the arrangement are on our side," and "it is a mighty fine bargain for us as it stands." Nineteenths of the lake shipping belongs to this country, much of it could be quickly made available for war purposes in an emergency, and within a week of the outbreak of war the whole Canadian shore

would be at its mercy, while our military advantages are equally obvious, and we could effectually block the entrances to the lakes against the war-vessels of England. The prosaic conclusion of the *Tribune* upon the Dickinson outburst is that, "however little we may care to please Great Britain elsewhere or in other matters, the jingoest of Jingoists, if he be intelligent, must hesitate to give her the slightest cause for uneasiness in this." Meanwhile, the President has sustained Secretary Herbert.

The Treasury deficit of \$6,500,000 for October was expected. Last October it was \$13,500,000. For the four months of the fiscal year now elapsed, receipts are behind expenditures to the amount of \$16,000,000. This would indicate a deficit at the end of the year of \$48,000,000. But no such figure is likely to be reached, as the returns from customs show a steady increase, the excess of the four months this year over last being upwards of \$10,000,000. Still, there is little or no chance of income balancing outgo by next July. Whether more revenue will have permanently to be provided is a matter for nice calculation. With a net cash balance of \$87,000,000 now in the Treasury, the probable deficit for two years could be comfortably faced under ordinary Government financing. But our Government financing is fearfully and wonderfully extraordinary, with its demand notes outstanding to the amount of four times the gold on hand to redeem them. This is the nightmare of the Treasury officials and of the business world. The question how to get the Government out of the banking business must keep pace with the question how to put the Treasury in funds.

There is some preliminary chatter at Washington about an investigation by Congress of the bond-syndicate operation of last February. It is to be hoped that any members of Congress who think there is political capital to be made by airing that matter again may be gratified. Every fact that it is possible to know except the names of the associated bankers—that is, of those who came in after the Belmont-Morgan party took hold—is already known. It is known exactly what they paid for the bonds and what they sold them for, and what the present market price is. It is known also that the Government might have saved upwards of \$16,000,000 on the transaction if Congress had been willing to make the bonds payable specifically in gold. If anybody is deserving of impeachment for matters connected with it, those members of Congress who voted in the negative on this question are the ones. Nevertheless, they all ought to have their curiosity gratified. If there is to be such an investigation, it

ought to be undertaken soon. The opportunity for blather will be very great, and it will be a public advantage to know early in the session who the new blatherskites are.

The Georgia Governor's vigorous condemnation of lynching is only one of many expressions showing a growing sentiment in the South against mob rule. From the newspapers in Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and Texas there is a chorus of appeals to the people to make legal methods paramount in the treatment of criminals. The old attitude of regretting the necessity of Judge Lynch has given place to expressed opinions that in no case is lynching justifiable. It detracts somewhat from the appreciation of the motive underlying these expressions of sentiment to be told, by the Knoxville *Sentinel*, that the change is due to "the recent examples of the extent to which the barbarism of lynch law may be carried." When the victim of the mob was only hanged, and when only one crime came within the jurisdiction of the lynchers, then "public opinion sanctioned the summary vengeance of the mob," to quote the Memphis *Appeal*. But now, when "men are lynched for crimes which are not capital felonies," and when mutilation of the victim's body "is a common practice," it is time for the law—still quoting the *Appeal*—to cease to "divide its jurisdiction with the mob." It is only fair to say, however, that the majority of the Southern newspapers rise to a higher moral level in their condemnation of the mob, and in their support of the law for the law's sake.

Through the influence of Senator Tillman a section has been inserted in the draft of the new Constitution for South Carolina declaring that each township in the State "shall constitute a body politic and corporate," and empowering the General Assembly to create additional townships and to provide a system of township government. As was indicated by the debate in the Constitutional Convention, the adoption of this section looks to the introduction in South Carolina of the New England system of town government. The experiment will be watched with interest. By many, the New England town government is regarded as indigenous to the soil, as a manifestation of the spirit of the Puritan settlers, finding expression in home rule for the little communities and in the production of the first written constitution emanating from the people. In South Carolina the conditions have been radically different. There has been more of the autocratic tendency in a system under which appointments of county officials have been made at the capitol, the active interest of the citizens in local affairs lying dormant. The strongest arguments in the convention in favor of the adoption of the township system were that better local officers would be secured, better schools and roads would be

provided, more economy would be exercised in the handling of the public funds, and a higher class of citizenship would be developed through the town meeting. The system is to be applied at first only in counties where the negro voters do not predominate, and with a suffrage requirement of one or two years' residence in the township.

The State Grange of California is loudly calling upon the American Protective Tariff League to come on. It sets forth the following facts as the basis of its cartel: The League requested Bro. David Lubin of Sacramento to contribute to its funds. Lubin sent on \$1,000, to be paid over when an impartial committee should decide (a) that the present system of protection is just to farmers, or (b) that a bounty on agricultural exports would be inequitable as long as there is a protective tariff on imports. The League declined to claim the money under these terms. On September 4, 7,000 farmers, at a Missouri harvest home, submitted the same "issue of principle" to the Hon. William McKinley. He made no reply. Now, therefore, comes the Grange and demands that the League give a categorical answer to its questions. No dodging will be allowed, as copies of the demand have been mailed to both the President and the Secretary of the League. We trust that Lubin will not let up on the League, and will continue to flourish his \$1,000 check until he gets his answer or compels the League to come over to his position and advocate a bounty on exports.

The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce has set a good example by adopting a resolution protesting against the tendency to prolong the Presidential campaign; declaring that the time intervening between the conventions of the two great parties and the election should be shortened from six months to three; and requesting the national committees, "in the interest of the commerce of our country," to consider earnestly the desirability of fixing a late date for the holding of the conventions. This question has been much discussed during the last few weeks, and an overwhelming majority of the newspapers of both parties have come out in favor of a short campaign. There can be no doubt that the press reflects the sentiment of business men, but it is most desirable that this sentiment should find expression in action such as has been taken at Cleveland. The resolutions adopted by the Chamber are to be transmitted to representative commercial bodies throughout the country, and a general expression of opinion from such organizations ought to have some effect upon the politicians who compose the national committees.

The *Tribune* tells us that a Reed dinner took place at the Brunswick Hotel

week before last, at which a number of prominent politicians from various parts of the country were present. The phrase Reed dinner means a dinner to promote the nomination of Thomas B. Reed for the Presidency by the Republicans next year. It is said that an attempt was made to work such a dinner at the Arlington Hotel in Washington, last May, but that, when the diners came together, a considerable number of them failed to harmonize on Mr. Reed, or, as the *Tribune* report puts it, "The McKinley sentiment was so strong that no direct pledge from all present could be secured." This shows the necessity of sounding your diners before they come to the table—a precaution which was observed in the present instance, thanks to the discernment of Mr. Samuel Fessenden of Connecticut. Mr. Fessenden succeeded in bringing together Senator Matt Quay, Mr. Thomas C. Platt, Mr. Thomas H. Carter of Montana, Chauncey I. Filley of Missouri, and other politicians of note to the number of ten. Their substantial agreement in favor of Reed being assured, they next considered the ways and means to make their desires effective. The first step was to secure the right place for holding the convention. Upon this point the *Tribune* account says:

"Joseph H. Manley, chairman of the executive committee of the Republican national committee, and one of the most adroit Reed boomers in the country, is in California. He was at the meeting, however, in spirit. He went to California, it is asserted, to feel the pulse of the Pacific Slope and see how that region would take the nomination of Mr. Reed. It is said to be his advice that the Republican national convention be taken to San Francisco, with the understanding that the West stand with the men who bring it there to secure the nomination of Mr. Reed. That is what was talked of and what was done at the dinner at the Brunswick. Those who recognize in the men who were present the anti-Harrison combination of 1892 will wait to see whether they will be successful or not."

It seems to us that altogether too much publicity has been given to this dinner for the good of the candidate. The people, as a general rule, do not like to see the Presidency disposed of by ten or a dozen men in dress coats, sitting around bottles of champagne, in a fashionable New York hotel. Mr. McKinley, if he is wise, will tell his dozen of boomers to take their dinner in some quiet rural community, wash it down with hard cider, and smoke pipes after the repast. Then if the affair should get into the newspapers, it will look much better than this Brunswick Hotel Reed dinner.

Sir Henry Tyler, the well-known English railway expert, writes a letter to the London *Times* from Panama on the subject of the renewal of work on the Panama Canal. This letter, contrary to the prevailing opinion in England and the United States, and contrary to the preconceived opinions of the writer himself, expresses the belief that a canal on the plan now proposed, beginning where the Lesseps company left off, can be com-



pleted for a sum not exceeding \$100,000,000. Not only so, but he believes that the money will actually be found by the French investors, who already have so much of their capital in the work that they cannot afford to let it lapse. Sir Henry did not visit Panama for the purpose of examining the works, but was en route to Peru on other business, and he remained on the Isthmus long enough to inspect them and to look over the plans. He found 1,500 men actually at work, and 800 more under contract to begin as soon as they can be brought from Jamaica and other West Indian islands. He was informed that the number would be increased to 4,000 as soon as the right kind of laborers could be found. It is to be hoped that Sir Henry's conclusions are well founded. The only object of a canal is to pass loaded ships through the Isthmus. If the French people, who have already spent \$290,900,000 according to the official report of the liquidators, are willing to spend \$100,000,000 more, we ought to thank them. Undoubtedly there is a considerable infusion of French national pride in the renewed attempt to join the oceans at Panama, but that does not harm us in any way.

Two canals, however, are not wanted in that quarter of the globe at present. If the Panama Canal is to be completed within six years for \$100,000,000, we do not need to spend an equal sum on the Nicaragua Canal. It would, of course, be helpful to those who have already put money into it if the United States Government would either advance the money for finishing it or pay them what they have already spent. If the French company is really going on, with a prospect of completing its work, it would be cheaper for us to reimburse the Nicaragua Construction Company and stop there than to build another canal. In fact, public opinion will not tolerate the spending of public money in a foreign country for anything so visionary as a duplicate waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is a large amount of Jingoism enlisted in the Nicaragua enterprise, but it will evaporate very fast if the ships of the Old World are not under the necessity of using the Nicaragua Canal at all.

Just before the unexpected fall of the French cabinet, a good deal of significant talk was heard in France about the need of "concentrating" political groups and factions and really setting up a system of party government. M. Goblet, for example, made a speech at Toulouse on October 19, in which he drew a vivid picture of the imbecility of the present system. It is only a question of the time any given Prime Minister will fall. His only way of getting a majority is to placate a certain number of "groups" with offices and other governmental good

things. But from their very nature, by the inner law of their being, such groups will not long stay placated. One of them finds that another is getting more sub-officials or getting into more syndicates than itself, and then there is a cry to heaven. Bones must be flung its way, or the ministerial majority will disappear. But sooner or later the supply of bones gives out, and down goes the ministry. This is a wretched and nerveless system of government, says M. Goblet truly, and the aim of France should be to form two great parties in Parliament and the nation, by which something like cohesiveness and stability could be secured. For his part, he would have the Radicals and Socialists of all shades make a beginning by coalescing. This union would force other factions to unite, and thus in the next election voters would have a choice between two parties instead of being perplexed by the appeals of a dozen. Such a political consolidation is, no doubt, most desirable, but it is certain that it will not come for the first time of asking. Leaders in control of a tight little group of parliamentary votes are not going to give up their power and perquisites without a fight. It is all very fine to talk of "concentration," but they will beg leave to point out that concentration means suicide for them. Already, in fact, the Socialists have declined M. Goblet's proposals with marked coldness.

Unhappily, there is not much use in discussing the prospects of the new French cabinet. It will probably, in a few months, or it may be weeks, furnish one more proof of the impossibility of tacking on the British cabinet system to democratic institutions. Its failure was predicted at the outset by the best observers, and it may now be said to have occurred. The British system of electing ministries by the Legislature could succeed only where party ties are strong, where it has also strong traditions behind it, and, above all, where the members of the Legislature are not paid. The payment of members in a country like France fills the Chambers with small men, the great body of whom are in some way "on the make," or eager for favors of some sort. It is therefore impossible for any ministry to keep on good terms with them very long, and when they get vexed with the Minister, they also try to "get even" with him. The system would break down very soon, even in this country, where the party discipline is extremely rigid. No Minister, elected by Congress, would be long in office without creating a clique of enemies, who would determine to "have his scalp" on the first opportunity, if all that was necessary to turn him out of office was an adverse vote on almost any question that came up. Every one who listens to the denunciation of the cabinet, for the time being, by Congressmen in Washington every year must feel thank-

ful that its tenure depends on the President. The evil is aggravated in France by the fact that public opinion in the provinces does not concern itself in the least with the quarrels of the politicians in Paris. What most concerns the French people outside of Paris is the administration, and this is very strong, efficient, and regular under all ministries. Consequently, the masses toil and spin and save and take their "consommations" in almost complete indifference to the Parisian crisis. In fact, the evanescence of the ministries has now become a popular joke. "What an inn the Ministry is," and "I always come to Paris when my father is Minister," are two of the pleasantries in recent popular plays, and they bring down the house. In fact, as long as the Chambers do not propose to fight Germany, the only power that could conveniently invade France, the provincial public takes but little interest in their proceedings. The best thing that can be said for the existing régime is that it is, on the whole, about as good as if not better than any that have preceded it.

M. Bourgeois pledges himself to enact a bill prohibiting members of either Chamber from holding positions as directors in companies having contract relations with the state. Such a measure might easily become law, as everybody would feel bound to vote for it, and no corruptionist would find it at all hard to get around it. Members of Parliament who have been paid for their legislative services to corporations by being made directors, would simply have to take their fees as counsel, conciliators of public opinion, or in some other guise easy to assume. To pass in England such a law as the one proposed in France would vacate half the seats in Parliament, and no one would think of suggesting it. The difference is, of course, the difference between a Parliament made up largely of a wealthy and leisured class serving without pay, and one composed mainly of needy local politicians and country lawyers, paid, but poorly paid, and trained to look upon a political life as the way to make a fortune. There is a marked English sensitiveness about directors in public office, but it relates purely to members of the ministry. Some three-score directorships were held by members of Lord Salisbury's Government when appointed to office. Mr. Balfour, when questioned about it in the Commons, laid down the rule that was to be followed. No member of the Government was to be allowed to hold a directorship in any company that might have legislative favors to ask, or a directorship the duties of which would consume time that properly belonged to the public service. As a consequence of this rule, fully half of Lord Salisbury's directors in office promptly severed their connection with their companies. This was enough to still the mutterings of the most savage radicals.

## THE REAL MISCHIEF OF JINGOISM.

SOME of the wretched Jingoese declare that we calumniate them when we say they are seeking to drag us into war. They declare there will be no war; that they never meant to go to war; that what they are doing is preserving what we must call an attitude of manly asininity towards foreign powers, especially Great Britain. But no rational person ever supposed that the issues of war or peace were in their hands, that they could open hostilities with anybody, or that they would ever themselves be caught within five hundred miles of a battlefield. They are no authorities on any subject of either national or international concern. Nobody minds what they say about the right or wrong of any international dispute. What we accuse them of is active hostility to American civilization.

In the first place, they try to destroy the influence of the last eighty years of international peace by preaching the barbarous European doctrine that war is a noble and inspiring national occupation, no matter what its cause or aims; that a nation can be elevated by slaughtering great numbers of young men and laying waste vast tracts of country, and by practising on an immense scale and for a considerable period the highwayman's doctrine that might makes right. In the next place, they make it difficult for the officers of the Government to approach any international question in a spirit of legality or justice, by producing the impression that the public will consider any such spirit a sign of meanness and want of patriotism. In the third place, they degrade us and make us ridiculous in the eyes of the civilized world by opening every controversy with epithets and abuse, so as to make our diplomacy look like a row between a bartender and a lover of free drinks.

In other words, they powerfully reinforce the influences which are to-day tending to barbarize the United States, and against which good men and women are everywhere fighting, one might say, for their lives. For example, we do not believe there is a single civilized country but our own to-day, in spite of the great armaments of Europe, in which public men like Lodge, and Ware, and Grout, and Chandler would get up and publicly advocate war as a profitable and useful undertaking, in the absence of any distinct quarrel with anybody. There is in the Old World great pride in war and respect for military virtues, but every one who speaks of it publicly speaks of it with horror as a dreadful necessity, and recognizes its savagery. Even the commanders of all the great armies profess to-day to be working might and main for peace. It is only in the United States that we can find statesmen clamoring for war as a sort of commercial venture, and as a good means of teaching patriotism to the young. They talk of it, in short, as an Indian

chief might talk who was organizing a war party against a hostile tribe.

To appreciate the full significance of this, it has to be taken in connection with such incidents as the rising of "labor" two years ago to block the national highways, and inflict untold suffering even on women and children, in order to settle a trumpety trade dispute; with the frequent attacks on jails by armed lynching parties, not in the frontier States only, but all over the country; and, above all, with such occurrences as the following which was reported in all the papers on Wednesday week, and which passes as an ordinary bit of news, though it is not the first, second, or third event of the kind:

"Henry Hillard, a negro, who assaulted and murdered Mrs. Leonard Bell, the wife of a young farmer, near Tyler, Tex., on Monday night, was captured yesterday and burned to death in the public square at Tyler by a mob of 300 armed men, and in the presence of thousands of persons, including women and children. The negro was slowly tortured to death, the fire being quenched at intervals to prolong his agony."

Such things are now absolutely numerous. What is the effect on the "women and children"? It would not be unnatural or surprising if a community fed on such horrors should eventually abandon peaceful industry and turn buccaneers.

It is to be observed that nearly all the noisiest Jingoese are Republicans, and this is what one might expect from the outburst of what we might well call ferocity which marked the close of the high-protection period. The last effort to save the McKinley bill and make necessary a large revenue, as our readers may remember, consisted in vigorous stimulation of the hostility to foreigners. The Republican orators revelled in descriptions of the sufferings our new tariff had caused among the European working poor, and Mr. Chauncey Depew produced, as McKinley's highest title to admiration, the fact that there was no American so detested abroad as he was. The demand for a large navy as a good way of spending money when the pensions as a source of expense were exhausted, had then to be supported by vigorous denunciations of other naval powers, and wide-spread reports of their evil designs against American peace and honor. From these things an open demand for war, as an end in itself, for education, for glory, for money, or even for fun, was not far off, and now we have it.

The effect of all this on our public life, too, is very visible. The young men who go into it, far from modelling themselves on Webster, or Clay, or Marcy, or Seward, or Everett, or Adams, to say nothing of the founders of the republic—far from trying to speak with the voice of any of these eminent men on international law, or on currency, or exchange, or trade, or commerce, or trying to become trusted authorities on any of these questions—are taking up the rôle of international swashbucklers, as the true way to political promotion, and "holler" for more ships, and hurl defiance to the four cor-

ners of the earth. It is a melancholy fact that there is to-day not a single man in public life who is listened to with respect or confidence on any of these topics. Daniel Webster's place in the Senate is filled by a man who sought to discriminate against the goods of a foreign nation in order to make it change its standard of value, and a pupil of his has urged us to avoid arbitration as a means of settling international difficulties. In fact, the kind of instruction our leading men are pouring out on a much troubled people would, if effective, carry us back before long to the condition of the barbarous tribes whose only peaceful occupation was raising corn and bacon to feed the fighting men. That the America of Washington and Franklin and Jefferson should come to this in a century, shows the absurdity of political prophecy.

## WHO MADE CROKER?

THE great significance of the two checks for \$125 each which Mr. Greene, the Chief Engineer of the Dock Department, says he sent to Richard Croker in order to retain his place, lies not in their amount, nor in the conditions under which they were sent, but in the undoubted fact that they are samples of thousands of similar remittances to the same man from various elements of this community. If every man in this city who holds vouchers which have come back to him through his bank with the clumsy and ignorant scrawl of "Richard Croker" on the back, were to come forward with them, what an innumerable cloud of witnesses should we have as to the sources of Croker's wealth! Croker himself bears testimony voluntarily on this point by saying that he does not "care a damn" about Mr. Greene's revelation, that his (Greene's) checks "were sent, like many other checks, as campaign contributions," that "it might prove interesting reading to the public if the names of some of the men who have contributed to the Tammany Hall campaign fund were published," and that "there are many members of the Committee of Fifty that have sent generous checks to the campaign fund of Tammany Hall, and these checks were endorsed by Richard Croker."

It will be observed that Croker admits that it was the custom to draw the checks, as Mr. Greene drew his, to the personal order of Richard Croker. What Croker did with the proceeds was nobody's business except his own. He deposited Mr. Greene's checks in his personal bank account, and all others undoubtedly went the same way. There was no accounting to anybody. Croker was at liberty to spend as much of the money as he chose for campaign purposes and to keep the remainder for himself. As we have pointed out repeatedly in the past, no financial position in the world compares for a moment with the position which Croker held in Tammany Hall, so far as opportunities



for sudden and great wealth are concerned. Every office-holder in the city was compelled to do what Mr. Greene did in order to retain his place. Every candidate for a Tammany nomination for office was forced to contribute anywhere from a few hundred dollars up to as high as \$25,000 or even \$40,000 for it. Every corporation in the city which was at the mercy of Tammany officials here, or a Tammany-controlled Legislature at Albany, made its contributions also. No account was kept in the name of the treasurer of Tammany Hall. Small wonder that Croker snaps his fingers in the face of the revelation of his system of obtaining vast wealth, and says: "As for those checks, I don't care a damn about them." Why should he? He has received the money for every one of them. He is rolling in riches; has something like a half-million dollars in a stock farm and racing-horses; only a day or two ago bought a new horse for \$25,000; lives in an \$80,000 house; has a fine residence in London; rides in handsome carriages, and, when he travels over the country, has a special car for himself and family. No man, under such conditions, would "care a damn" for the full revelation of the system by which he attained his wealth.

The men who ought to care are the contributors. Mr. Greene does not appear to think that he did anything discreditable when he bought retention in his office of Croker for \$125 a year. The men who contributed to his campaign fund possibly did not think that they were doing anything discreditable, though they were buying legislation, or immunity, from him. They were recognizing his right to sell them the government of the city in which they live. All the men who sent him checks contributed to his power as the ruler of New York. They are the makers of Croker and of all Tammany bosses, past, present, and to come. Their money it was which made the power of this ignorant, brutal wretch, who came to this country from a foreign land, and from youth to manhood spent his days in brawling and carousing with one of the worst "gangs of toughs" that the city has ever known. His power and wealth were bestowed by American money, and if all the checks upon whose backs "Richard Croker" has been scrawled with such visible effort could be held up to the light of day, the names signed to the great mass of them would be found to be those of good Americans.

This is the crowning shame of the matter. The system whose methods Mr. Greene's checks reveal has been known to exist for a long time. We have now the visible proof of its working, and for the first time Croker's confession of its simplicity and perfection. Small wonder, in view of the great success which he has had in the operation of the system, that he should be indifferent to its exposure and to public opinion about it. For him "the past is secure," and he cares

nothing for the future. Nothing can be revealed which will injure his character. What he did as Tammany boss was exactly what was to have been expected of a man of his antecedents. The "government" which he gave the city, and which so many reputable persons went about saying was "really a very good government," is now seen to have been a division of plunder by rascals and thieves who kept up an outward semblance of decency in order that their opportunities for plunder might be continued. This was precisely the kind of government which was to be expected in payment for cash. Could anybody expect that a scoundrel who had bought the power to rule would rule honestly? Many people seem to have expected a miracle of this sort, but we are glad to believe that they have been convinced of their error.

Croker's use of the word "informer" is an interesting reminiscence of the experience of his Irish parents. He himself came to this country at the age of twelve, but he must have heard his father and mother and their friends often discourse on the peculiarities of the political system they had left behind them. "Informer," in the mouths of Irish Catholic peasants, means a man who gives evidence against his confederates in a criminal conspiracy of a political or agrarian character. It is not used to describe a witness in a prosecution for any other crime, or in the prosecution of a single man. The "informer" is generally, if not always, a man who has become acquainted, either as *particeps criminis* or otherwise, with the offences or designs of an organization of some kind engaged in criminal enterprises, and gives evidence against its members in a court of law, or puts the police on its track. So thoroughly demoralized have the Irish people become, too, that the character of a witness in such a prosecution is, in the eyes even of those who hate or suffer from the crimes he exposes, the very basest a human being can bear. Some illustrations of this which came out in the disturbances that followed the rise of the Land League in 1880 are among the most curious incidents in the history of human society. It is not unnatural that this tradition should make a deep impression on a man like Croker, whose own youth was passed in an atmosphere of hostility to the police and the law. Moreover, we have no doubt that if the mind of the great body of the more ignorant Irish supporters of Tammany could be got at, it would be found that Tammany was to them a vague and shadowy reproduction of the "Peep-o'-Day Boys," "Whiteboys," "Moonshiners," and "Molly Maguires"—that is, an organization which somehow came in between them and the Government, and gave them protection and succor which the Government ought to give, but does not.

Croker's refusal to tell what becomes of the money he receives, on the ground that if he told he would be an "inform-

er," shows that some such view of the organization is in his mind, though he does not perceive the consequence of revealing it. In fact, Tammany greatly resembles the "Molly Maguires" in Pennsylvania. Those who remember the history of that organization will recall that it got its members, some of them notorious criminals, into the county offices, and thus barred the course of justice against its murderers. The indifference of Tammany to the character of its men springs from the same source. Although it had full command of the city offices only for a year or two, the number of indicted men and public brawlers and semi-criminals whom it managed to thrust into city offices was a striking proof of the extent to which the organization had, in the minds of Tammany men, supplanted the State. Croker himself rose into power from the ranks of the criminal classes, and it would probably be impossible to-day to shake his power by bringing any accusation of crime or illegality against him. Saying he stole would be very like saying a Moonshiner had shot an "informer," or a "Molly Maguire" had killed a foreman. In fact, Tammany's cohesive power is easily understood by any one who is familiar with Irish peasant life. What is not so comprehensible is the number of native Americans who belong to it—some of them, like Cram and Comptroller Fitch, men of education—and the still greater number who are willing to use it and work with it for party purposes.

#### LITERARY ADVICE AND PATRONAGE.

SOME unpublished letters of Sainte-Beuve's, lately printed in the *Figaro*, yield an instructive idea of the great critic's attitude towards literary aspirants who sought aid and comfort from him. A young Breton, M. Luzel, with a provincial reputation as a poet, had come to Paris in 1855 to try his fortune, and, after some months of literary ups and downs (mostly downs), applied to Sainte-Beuve for advice. He got it, cold and unwelcome. Sainte-Beuve honestly told him that his poetry was only ordinary, and that, at his age (thirty-four), it was doubtful if his verse would ever acquire the originality and impact which it lacked. The thing for him to do was to go back to Brittany and resume his position as teacher. M. Luzel was obstinate, however, and continued, for a time, to cultivate literature in Paris on a little oatmeal, saying to himself that he would teach the critic not to consider himself infallible. But it was not long before he was glad to arise and go to his father, and in later years he could not say enough of the wisdom and real kindness of Sainte-Beuve's advice.

In one of the latter's letters to Luzel is the following passage:

"To give you a sort of preface or letter of introduction, to be placed at the head of your collection and so aid you to find a publisher, is a kind of thing I have never done. No critic with independence and reputation to guard

ever does it. That form of good-nature, moreover, does not long deceive anybody."

There is solemn truth in this for critics, and if we did not believe that all our Sainte-Beuves already appreciated it and acted upon it, we should be tempted to give them a word of exhortation. But there is equally solemn truth in it for the thousands of young men and women who still go to Paris, as they did in 1855, and to London and New York also, to seek their literary fortune. Out of the heads of too many of them it is impossible to get the idea that the thing is to be done by trick or favor. The whole secret, they think, is to get properly introduced, to be launched under favorable "auspices," to secure weighty patronage. This idea is at the bottom of the numerous literary associations that are founded, ignorantly or fraudulently, to persuade obscure writers that a way has at last been found to give the humblest author a powerful friend at the editorial court. "Your manuscripts," they say to their victims, too ready to be convinced, "are fully as meritorious as any that are published, but they are rejected because you have no one to bring them to the editor's favorable notice. Pay us for doing it, and your light will no longer be hid."

Now, that there is such a thing as literary boosting, or that it may be highly successful for a time, we should not think of denying. Examples to confute us, if we should, would be too ready to hand. But it still remains true that, as Sainte-Beuve said, such boosting cannot be long successful. Examples of this also are ready to hand. To mention names would be invidious, but every reader with a memory can recall writers boosted high, five or ten years ago, only to fall the harder and be the more thoroughly forgotten. In the long run, "auspices" can do nothing for an author, except, perhaps, to hasten a little his opportunity for a hearing, and whether that will do him any good depends on himself; it would have been found by himself, sooner or later, in any case. A great deal of confusion on this point has survived as a superstition from the time when literary patronage was essential, because without it there was no such thing as publishing at all. But the Mæcenases and the Elizabethan nobles are only nuisances, as literary go-betweens, in an age when editors and publishers are bidding wildly against each other for every scrap and kind of popular writing.

The old literary ambition will long continue, and long may it. The Daudets and the Luzels will keep on going up to the great capitals, and crying with swelling hearts, as they catch the first glimpse, "À nous deux maintenant!" But they ought to understand what a tough and remorseless antagonist they are challenging, how increasingly cynical he is about literary recommendations, and that the one thing which will lay him on his back is demonstrated merit. Hence the inevita-

ble emptiness and uselessness of the literary advice, so eagerly sought, so wearily given. The best advice, in fact, comes down to the form of two questions. The first is: "Are you a genius?" If this can be answered in the affirmative, nothing further need be said; no advice is possible, no help is needed.

But if, by any possibility, the answer is negative, then all that is left to ask is, "Do you know anything? Do you know any one thing better than any other one man? If you do, can you write it out in a way to command attention?" If so, the world is an opened oyster before you. We lately saw a letter from a well-known writer who was speaking a good word for the literary life. He said that his first offering to a newspaper was accepted, his first magazine article likewise, and his first book also. But he omitted to give the reason. The work was that of a specialist in each instance. Neither paper, magazine, nor publisher could have got just that matter from any other source. There is no mystery, no favoritism, in such success. Even in our age of ignorant scribbling, the men who know are heard gladly. But if you do *not* know, if you know only as well as thousands of others who are in possession ahead of you, the best thing you can do is to go back and learn. To genius the world will surrender on sight; to knowledge it will surrender all in good time; the aspiring writer who has neither, had better look out for a soft place to fall.

There probably never was a time when it was more important than it is now to insist that writing does not come by nature; that "happy-thought" literature is worth no more than happy-thought law or medicine; that long apprenticeship and study are as essential to the writing art as to any other. Hence the harm of such rash prophecies as the one just put forth by the editor of the *Century*, that we in America are on the eve of a great "revival of creative literature," because we have so many interesting "problems," because we are growing very "serious" (evidence for this not given), and because so much attention is now bestowed upon municipal politics and charities of all sorts. Creative literature is a mysterious business, but we are certain there cannot be any without creators, and we would ask what signs there are that we are on the eve of them in any great numbers. Creation *ex nihilo* may pass in theology, but it never will in literature. Forty years ago an acute critic wrote: "The reason why so few good books are written is that so few people that can write know anything." Even the bare art of knowing how to write has declined since then, from lack of knowing anything to write about, if we may believe the late Prof. Nettleship. In an address on "Natural Science and Literature," he had something to say which it would be well for the smooth prophets of creative literature to consider, and which critics giving,

and young writers seeking, advice may profitably ponder:

"I am bound to say that for some time past, at least in England, there has been more of manly effort, more of patient self-renunciation, among the students of natural science than among the students of literature. In the present generation it seems to me that a kind of paralysis has seized upon the thinking power which should produce good literature. One cannot but notice, side by side with a restless desire to produce, a curious impatience of the labor of learning, of thinking, and even of writing well. Emotion, sentiment, a newly awakened interest in a subject, are taken as ample justification for writing about it."

#### THE ATLANTA EXHIBITION.

ATLANTA, October, 1895.

THE wrong way to estimate the importance and comprehensiveness of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta is to ask those who have visited it if it is as good as the World's Fair at Chicago. This, however, is the question most commonly put. We must set aside comparison with Chicago, and judge the Atlanta Exhibition on its own merits. The managers of the World's Fair attempted to carry out a gigantic and difficult undertaking. Backed by the whole country, and with the official participation and aid of numerous foreign countries, they succeeded admirably. The managers of the Atlanta Exhibition, with little besides the support of their own town of 110,000 inhabitants, 50,000 of whom are blacks, planned a comprehensive exhibition on the general lines of international shows, pushed the execution of their project with indefatigable industry, and now present a general exhibition the completeness and extent of which, considering the conditions of the enterprise, are extraordinary.

The exhibition grounds are situated in Piedmont Park, about two miles from the centre of the city and easily reached by trolley-cars and omnibuses. There is a large plateau with high ground on one side. A lake and stream called "Clara Meer," a plaza about equal in area (at a guess) to Madison Square, and wide avenues are the decorative features of the plateau and the means of communication between the buildings. There are gondolas and electric launches on the lake, omnibuses on the roads; and broad flights of steps reach up from the level to the higher parts of the grounds. About the only distinctively bad things in the decorative scheme are some tall columns placed about these steps. They are surmounted by figures which are in general about as good artistically as the ordinary Indian tobacco-sign. A frieze in color in the portico of the Art Building is of no better quality, but makes a good spot from a distance. The Art Building, the Woman's Building, the Pennsylvania Building, and the New York Building are the best on the grounds in general aspect and purity of design. Few of the others are pretentious, and all seem well adapted to the purposes for which they were erected. None of them offends by positive bad taste. The color scheme for the larger buildings is bluish gray with white trimmings, and the roofs are colored moss-green. The Art Building, a pretty and commodious structure of Renaissance design, the Woman's Building, and some others are entirely white. The general effect is good, and a bird's-eye view of the Exhibition embowered in the forest that surrounds and reaches into the city is altogether pleasing. There is a "Midway," as at Chicago, called here the "Midway Heights,"



and it is a very good pleasure street. Some innocent attractions, such as the very interesting "Old Plantation," are infinitely better than the so-called Oriental shows. Cairo Street, with the exception of some long-suffering but picturesque camels, with their native drivers and "shouters," is a Cairo street only by a most vigorous effort of imagination. By night the grounds and buildings are lighted up by electricity, with fine artistic effect. It is so well done, indeed, that it suggests the thought that new appliances and methods have been added to those adopted two years ago so successfully at Chicago. Red fire is used at times in addition to the electric illuminations, and the general effect is fairy-like.

High praise is due to the directors of the Exhibition for their management of the difficult question of making awards. President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University was appointed Commissioner of Awards. He was ably seconded in the details of his work by Prof. Gore of the Columbian University at Washington, who was United States Commissioner-General at the Antwerp Exposition, and by Mr. John Birkinbine of Philadelphia. Dr. Gilman appointed a jury that included some of the best-known and ablest educators, experts, and critics in the country, and the Atlanta people had the satisfaction of seeing arrive in their city on the 15th of October a body of men who constituted a better jury of awards than any other exhibition in this country has had, and one quite competent to judge at any international exhibition. The citation of a few names from the list of judges is sufficient proof of this. The list includes: Gen. Henry L. Abbott, U. S. Engineers; Presidents Adams of Wisconsin, Mendenhall of Worcester, Dabney of Tennessee, MacAlister of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, and Miss Irwin, Dean of Radcliffe College, Harvard; Profs. Simon Newcomb of Washington, C. S. Sargent and I. N. Hollis of Harvard, C. B. Richards of Yale, Rowland and Remsen of Johns Hopkins; ex-Gov. Bullock of Georgia; Admiral Belknap, U. S. N.; G. Brown Goode of the Smithsonian Institution, D. H. Burnham of Chicago, and Thomas Nelson Page. These gentlemen and their associates have publicly testified to the extent, variety, and excellence of the exhibits in the separate sections within the scope of the exposition. While not officially represented in the exact sense of the word, there are creditable displays in the building for Manufactures and Liberal Arts from Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and Russia. Mexico, Chili, and other South and Central American countries have duly accredited commissioners and comprehensive or special exhibits. The State of Georgia, in a large building of its own, displays its natural resources and home industries, and California and other States do likewise. In the Negro Building the progress and achievements of the race are shown in education, science, and labor. A Japanese village and a number of restaurants and cafés offer refreshment and food to the visitor, and, with its lawns and oak trees enclosed by an iron fence, the pretty house of the Piedmont Driving Club, flanked by the New York and Pennsylvania buildings, furnishes hospitality to its guests, and makes a convenient and fitting place for official luncheons. The United States Government has a large and well appointed building, and makes therein an exhibition that is generally conceded to be the best it has yet presented.

The standing committee of the Exhibition on the Department of Fine Arts wisely decided, when plans were laid, to secure the services of

a competent chief or superintendent who should set to work to obtain as complete and representative a collection of works as possible. This task was allotted to Mr. Horace Bradley of New York, a native of Georgia. The result of his labors is seen in the exhibition in the Fine-Arts Building. The excellent portraits of the colonial and Revolutionary periods in the State exhibits in the Woman's Building were brought together under other auspices. The exhibition proper in fine arts consists of between 1,000 and 1,100 works in oil painting, sculpture, water-color, black-and-white drawing, and etching. There is a special exhibit under the head of "Mural Painting," and a good collection of architectural work is sent by the Architectural League of New York. The exhibition of sculpture would be considered an excellent one in New York, and is simply a revelation to the average Southern visitor to Atlanta. It includes groups and figures of heroic size, such as "Gallaudet and his First Deaf-Mute Pupil," by D. C. French; J. Q. A. Ward's "Pilgrim"; F. Wellington Ruckstuhl's "Mercury Teasing the Eagle of Jupiter"; medals and bas-reliefs in bronze by the great French artist Vernon; half-a-dozen small bronze figures by F. W. MacMonnies; figures, busts, and bas-reliefs by Olin L. Warner, Herbert Adams, W. A. Davis, J. Scott Hartley, Wayland Bartlett, E. C. Potter, and other well-known sculptors. The collection is a large one, filling the entire central gallery, and is catholic and representative in character. It is not marred by bad work.

Mr. Bradley's representations to French and other artists, together with the zeal of some of the foreign commissioners, have resulted in bringing to the art galleries a collection of pictures which, while it lacks, of course, most of the familiar names, yet includes some that are of the first rank. Two delightful works by Olivier Merson, "Je vous salue, Marie!" and "L'Ermite"; "Danse Enfantine," by Mme. Demont-Breton, and "La Légende," by Adrien Demont, are conspicuous. Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, Louise Abbema, Souza Pinto, Checa, Belloni, Nunes-Vais, and J. H. S. de Haas are other foreign exhibitors. A group of water-colors by Weissenbruch, Mme. Roosenboom, Kever, Valkenburg, Hanrath, Duchattel, and other painters of the Dutch school is especially noteworthy. Many of the best American painters, both at home and abroad, are represented. Portraits by Miss Beaux of Philadelphia, Vinton of Boston, Eastman Johnson, Beckwith, and Fowler of New York, and Hinckley of Washington are notable. A fine little picture of a lady in black is by H. Van der Weyden of New York. Twenty-eight pictures, depicting landscape and landscape and figures, are contributed by Theodore Robinson of New York, and well exemplify the methods of a clever and artistic painter. Two figure subjects by R. W. Vonnoh; a large and ably handled genre, "Brittany Legend," by Henry Mosler; two large decoratively treated canvases with well-drawn figures by Mrs. Mary F. MacMonnies; "Upland Cotton," a new work by Winslow Homer; "Christmas Bells," by E. H. Blashfield, and subject pictures by Messrs. Walter Gay, Gari Melchers, Bridgman, C. S. Pearce, Du Mond, Weeks, H. R. Butler, J. G. Brown, Curran, Albert Herter, and others give variety to the walls and set a standard for the exhibition. In landscape work there is nothing quite so good as "Abandoned," by Charles H. Davis; and Mr. Howe's cattle and sheep, Mr. Bisbing's bulls in combat, and Mr. Horatio Walker's pigs in a "Siesta" are the prominent canvases in animal painting. Other

excellent landscapes are shown by Messrs. Woodbury, Steele, Picknell, Ranger, Whitledge, Parrish, Hayden, and Whittemore. Messrs. Richards, Nicoll, and Chapman are the noteworthy painters of marines. Some delightful water-colors are signed by Miss Kate Grestorax. Her skill in broad treatment of this medium is most effectively shown in "Bateau-Lavoir, Moret, France," and forms a striking contrast to the charming, carefully finished drawing in color, by Albert Lynch of Paris, intended for the title-page of the American edition of Louis Morin's 'French Illustrators.' The water-color and black-and-white drawings form a strong feature of the art department, and the catalogue includes the names of many of the best American water-color painters and almost all of the noted illustrators. Twelve large working drawings in color for figures of the apostles, executed in mosaic in the Church of the Madeleine, Paris, by Charles Lameire, and some four or five mosaics by Grasset, are especially worthy of mention in the department called "Mural Painting." Here, too, are representative projects or finished works by John La Farge, Shirlaw, Low, Blashfield, Armstrong, F. S. and Ella Condie Lamb.

Well placed and well housed, the Fine Arts Department, which might, perhaps, have been expected to be a weak display at Atlanta, is seen to be one of the best parts of the Exhibition. There are no pictures whatever by some of the most celebrated American painters, but this deficiency, while apparent on reflection, is not felt in a general view of the galleries. What has been brought to Atlanta is of so good an average of merit that the first impression is one of completeness. Now that visitors to the great Southern Exhibition have the opportunity to see for themselves the present state of American art, perhaps a more general appreciation may follow, just as occurred in the West after the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876—an appreciation that gained in acuteness and breadth as a consequence of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

#### THE VENETIAN ART SHOW.

VENICE, October 23, 1895.

THE International Fine Art Exhibition which is about closing is especially interesting in its display of *fin-de-siècle* tendencies of all modern schools. Every variety of method now in vogue seems to be represented here, although few of the most important foreign artists have deemed it worth their while to send their best works, and some send only studio rubbish, unsold failures, which to a great extent deprives the exhibition of its intended value as representative of living art.

A cursory survey of the Italian section impresses us with the fact that the art of Italy of our own time has received its inspiration from Paris rather than from the example of the great native masters. There are a few exceptions, as, for instance, Giovanni Costa and his pupils, but they are not well represented. The master himself has a work which is very splendid in color and interesting in composition, "Ad Fontem Avicinum"; but figures are not his forte, and there are too many obvious defects in drawing in his peasant women around the fountain not to mar the general effect. A work which has attracted quite unmerited attention is Grosso's "Il Supremo Convegno" (The Last Meeting). The indecency of the subject excited the Patriarch of Venice, after visiting the exhibition in the

spring, to write a pastoral letter to the faithful through the Venetian papers, exhorting them not to go there. To this day there is a placard in Latin to the same effect hung up in the sacristies of the churches. But although Venice is considered especially clerical in its tendencies, the letter attracted an immense crowd continually before the picture, so that for many weeks two municipal guards had to protect the safety of this work of art from the pressure of the great concourse of people. Granting that it is permissible to every artist to choose his subject, and that the dramatic quality is not lacking here, Grosso cannot be considered a great artist, excepting in a certain brutal power of realization; his flesh painting is hot in tone and wanting in delicate gradation of color. The same lack of any refinement or subtlety is chargeable to his vast canvas, evidently a portrait, of a woman with bare shoulders in a white satin dress against a white background, called "*Sa Majesté la Femme*"—a type of femininity appealing to man's lower instincts. This lady seems to preside over the show, greeting the eyes of any one entering, and her supremacy would account for any falling off of the race of this pleasure-loving people.

On our left is Giuseppe Ferrari's very black "*Transiat a me calix iste*"—Christ with outstretched arms in a wood of ilex trees. This picture also is of a size quite disproportionate to its poverty of design. The Saviour of men has assumed the person of a common Abruzzese model, and the artist has limited his range of color to terre-verte, black and white. Far more amusing is the work of the "*Vibrists*" on the opposite wall. This sect paints in streaks of primitive colors which fuse together when seen at a distance, but which look like an obsolete form of Berlin wool-work when one is rash enough to approach. Morbelli has represented the figures of seven women from the middle downwards, standing in water at work in a rice field; there is only one head (in profile and covered with a handkerchief) to the seven, and six of them are, but for variations of color in their cotton skirts, exactly alike in position and equidistant from each other. In simplicity of design this beats the Primitive school. An Italian critic calls this style "*la pittura del morbillo*" (the measles style of painting), and the expression exactly describes the appearance of the fourteen colors of the stooping forms. Segantini paints now on the same principle, but has besides entirely smeared the underpainting of his picture with particles of gold, which breaks the color. This picture, No. 311, "*The Return to their Native Soil*," peasants in a cart going along a mountain path under a rosy sky, is a sad falling off, through perverse mannerism, of a painter who, in his early work, had great freshness of conception and originality. Previati, another "*Separatist*," adding mysticism to this deplorable manner, contributes "*The Burial of a Virgin*," a procession of shadowy women following a bier and winding away into infinite distance, as if the phantoms of Saint Ursula's eleven thousand had come to the funeral of the last of their kind. Oreste da Molin, a Venetian painter who loves to depict the humorous side of life, sends a picture entitled "*By the Day at Two Francs*," an episode in the existence of the unoccupied. Two clerks, in threadbare, patched clothes, are doing up accounts, while a third, not having any work, is hungrily gnawing at a bare thigh-bone of antediluvian dimensions. The painting is extremely clever, the scene lifelike, but savoring rather of caricature in the emaciated types of the clerks.

Of the Italian Impressionists, Boldini, a Ferrarese painter, long established in Paris, holds the palm. His portrait of a child in black and white against a slate-colored background is the best thing of its kind here; the head is excellently modelled and drawn, but the long thin legs, stockinged in black silk, finishing in pointed black shoes, are inordinately drawn out. A pastel of Verdi, in the same room by the same artist, is also in excellent style. Occupying the centre of one room is Laurenti's "*Parable*" in two compartments separated by a column of its frame. The artist represents steps going up on the left, with children and maidens rushing on full of joy, a marriage at the summit; on the right, figures clothed in sober colors are descending. Notwithstanding a certain weakness in drawing, this picture, painted in tempera, makes a good impression through its freshness of color and its simplicity of treatment.

Michetti, who is regarded by Italians as their great genius, sends the "*Daughter of Jorio*," a work which has received the highest prize, and which Italians are inclined to consider the most remarkable work in the exhibition. The catalogue advises us to place ourselves as far as the room will allow from this picture in order to enjoy the general effect. At a first glance it occurs to the spectator that this is a sketch in which only the heads are finished and the rest roughly indicated on a coarse gray canvas, such as is used for the sail of a boat; but on closer examination it is evident that the striking eccentricities are intentional, and that the artist is satisfied that he has produced a great work, for which studies for the principal heads, of gigantic proportions, hang on either side. The scene is in the Abruzzi, and represents a peasant girl, shrouded in brown, in the costume of the country, resolutely walking down hill, her head bent and covered so that only the end of her nose, and lip, and chin can be seen. The outline of her back indicates that she is carrying a baby in the shawl wound across her shoulders and head; her movement of stepping down hill is that of a wooden doll of prehistoric mechanism. On a ridge of land above her a number of men are lounging in nonchalant idleness, observing her and sneering at her. One of this company has no head, the picture ending at his shoulders—no feet either, for a mound of earth hides them from view; we are told in explanation, again by the catalogue which acts as the chorus in a Greek play, that "the woman is the daughter of Jorio—she who sinned for love, and who, through her sin, is branded with shame and fascination. She is passing along a mountain path, followed by the derision and evil desires of the men lying along the stony mountain ridge in lazy attitudes." The expression on the men's faces tells the tale well enough; but why all effort should have ceased there, is a mystery the catalogue does not attempt to elucidate; nor does it explain why the picture is placed outside its frame instead of being inside, according to long-established custom. Were not the frame an elaborate design of wild mountain flowers and grasses in relief, we might suppose that the misfit was accidental. On examining the foreground, we note that the inequalities of the surface, meant to represent rapid execution, are produced by the canvas having been, as a preparation, besmeared with plaster, lumps of which give texture by actual light and shade. Michetti is the most prominent of the Neapolitan painters, and has a number of followers who believe this to be a great work. It seems incredible that, with Tintoret's painting within reach, such

mountebank trickery of the brush should be seriously discussed. Morelli is another Neapolitan of mark who is responsible for a very weak picture of Christ in the desert being ministered to by angels after having been tempted. This has neither the clever painting of his usual work nor the modernity of conception which is his chief merit. The Italian artists of the present day are not imaginative; the only work which passes muster is of realistic tendency. Rotta has a clever representation of the pleasure-ground of a mad-house, in which the patients are taking the air, each displaying his own peculiar form of madness. The picture is painted in a gray key sympathetic with the theme, with a remarkable open-air quality, and is full of character.

The pictures of Venice which are noticeable for extremely clever work are the "*Piazza of St. Mark*," by Zezzoni, which is somewhat injured by a multitude of open parasols and umbrellas in the foreground, and a "*View of the Grand Canal*" by a very young, self-taught man, Feruccio Scattola, the *traghetto* and water in the foreground being quite admirably painted; it is a pity that the point of view has been chosen haphazard. To be quite modern "*il faut faire le morceau*," and it matters little which. Fragiaco, a well known painter of seascapes, has two works, neither of them as good as usual, though the King has bought one of them. Pasini, the Venetian painter *par excellence*, and one of the patrons of the Exhibition, has only an Oriental praying at the door of Sultan Ahmed's Mosque, Constantinople, which hardly does justice to his great abilities. There are several landscapes of considerable merit and some forcible portraits.

The French and English sections are not as good as one could wish, especially the former. Puvis de Chavannes sends only a red chalk study, a pastel sketch; Carolus Duran, a nude study against a brown background with red drapery, together with a portrait of a poet with a mandolin—a very living presentment, painted with great skill. Besnard has a lady in orange dress, with blue-green background and green face, and a nude called the "*Vision of a Woman*" rising out of a thicket of rhododendrons and pansies. Duez has a picture of a woman dressed in red on a red sofa in a room the walls of which are red. Biraud, a painter of the *grand monde*, sends a small portrait of the poet Armand Silvestre at his desk, a cigar in his mouth, while two nude muses from Olympus are floating around whispering in his ear. Dupré, and Lhermitte, the painter of French peasant life, have contributed small pictures, while Dagnan-Bouveret's famous Virgin in white in the vine-grown cloister tells all the more impressively for being one of the few simple and serious French works here. Forain has several sketches in oil, clever and at the same time trivial enough. No one could form any just opinion of the ability of the French school from the work exhibited here.

We wonder if Mr. Whistler considers his place among French or English artists. His charming "*Little White Girl*" is placed with the English section, and has justly received the Murano prize. This picture, painted thirty years ago, is a marvel of bright and subtle color and of studiously dexterous workmanship. The painting of the puffed sleeves of the white dress, the pink and red azaleas touched against the cool white marble and gray steel of the mantelpiece, the flesh tints and red hair, are all most masterly in treatment. There is nothing in the whole exhibition which can com-



pare with this as a piece of entirely beautiful color. Italians are beginning to desire an acquaintance with the art of England of the present day, so that it is a pity that Burne-Jones has sent only "Sponsa de Libano," which gives no idea of his power as a colorist. G. F. Watts has only two small studies, very gray, as if seen through fog, of Psyche and Endymion and two babies, bloated in form, catching butterflies. "May Day on Magdalen Tower, Oxford," Holman Hunt's well-known picture, is very much observed; there is no scamping of work here—every face is a careful portrait, every flower has modelling; the clouds also have the effect, from excessive elaboration and relief, of being made of solid substance. Some of the boys' heads are quite beautiful in drawing and in type, but the portraits of the fellows' heads singling look galvanized. It is a work which fills us with sadness to see honest study resulting in a thoroughly unsatisfactory accomplishment. Sir F. Leighton's "Andromeda" has none of the directness and grace of line which usually characterize his work, and the dragon is weakly grotesque and unimaginative. W. B. Richmond and Breton Riviere are represented very poorly by the "Bath of Venus" and "Ganymede" respectively. Millais's well-known "Ornithologist" is certainly the best English picture in the exhibition, though painted years ago; the head of a little girl to the left is delightful in freshness of painting, and so is that of the young mother bending over the invalid. It is a stronger and more sincere work than any of Millais's later years. Alma-Tadema's miniature-like portrait of a lady has all his skilful, minute treatment of detail. There are several English landscapes of interest—one by Davis, one by East, a Venetian summer night by Fisher, "Our Village," by Herkomer. Among the portraits of distinction is Oulens's Cardinal Manning, quite the best in this section and splendid in color. The American painter Alexander sends a *profil perdu* and back of a gray lady in a stiff gray dress starting out of the frame, a red ribbon the only note of color. This, and another back of a woman in a black ulster, with her reflection in a looking-glass, have been much noticed for their graceless eccentricity, and by no means respond to the painter's early promise.

The German room in the exhibition contains an excellent portrait of the Emperor by Max Koner, several portraits by Lenbach, very scratchy and black in color, with the quality of colored drawings rather than works in oil. Dettman's picture of a child's funeral in a fishing village on the Baltic is full of sentiment. This painter is considered one of the most clever of the young German artists. He also exhibits a triptych called "Work." Uhde, who is classed among the mystics, sends a "Sermon on the Mount," a well-known work. A very excellent piece of color and painting is Vogel's portrait of a priest making an architectural design. One wall is entirely covered by Karl Marr's "Flagellants," an immense canvas, containing innumerable figures, in which groups of people, stripped to the waist and bleeding, are being scourged by a priest. It is a ghastly sight, without dignity of conception or any decorative quality. These gigantic historic pictures are fortunately rare and out of date.

Among the Spanish contributions deservedly prominent is Villegas's large picture of the coronation of the Dogaresa Foscari. Here we have a subject which lends itself to decorative effect, with its Byzantine Gothic architecture and splendid Venetian costume. In the dis-

tance the Dogaresa in gold brocade is being led out of the palace; the maids of honor dancing before her fill the centre of the picture. They are in ample skirts of transparent white, with short gold bodices. To the right come the Doge and his suite, splendidly attired in stamped and brocade velvets; he is looking towards the Dogaresa. Opposite him stand the pages in waiting with her crown, and a lady enacting the part of Venice. The arches of the palace are filled with onlookers. The ground is covered with a scarlet vermillion carpet; wreaths of laurels of vivid green are hoisted above, and in the air there are standards of many hues. The picture is a blaze of color, the costumes are very well chosen, and there are admirable bits of painting throughout, especially in the pages' heads and the red velvet and gold of Doge Foscari's robe. The face of the Doge is not a success—he looks common and supercilious; there is no distinction about him, and the head of the senator immediately following him is also too like a caricature. The picture lacks *ensemble*; there is no repose about any part, no subordination of detail for the sake of general effect.

The Dutch and Belgian artists exhibit together. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark send melancholy effects of twilight in snow and setting suns.

The sculpture is scarce and astonishingly poor. The French sculptor Frémiet sends a clown dancing, called "The Stone Age," and two small groups of extremely clever execution, St. George and his inseparable dragon, and a gorilla carrying off a woman; Ximenes, a figure of "The Renaissance." Trubetzkoy, a Russian artist who has studied at Milan, sends several clever sketches.

The building itself does credit to the painter who designed it—*Marius*, better known as "de Maria"—and is perhaps the best part of the exhibition. The façade is in the form of a classic temple, with stuccoed columns imitating red porphyry and walls of Oriental alabaster and verd-antique; it is surmounted by a Victory and eagles of bronze.

M.

## Correspondence.

### 'OUT OF INDIA.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me, through the medium of your columns, to warn the public against a book called 'Out of India,' recently published by a New York firm? It is put forward evidently as a new book by Rudyard Kipling. It is made up of a hash of old newspaper articles written nine or ten years ago, to which are added moral reflections by some unknown hand. It appears, of course, without my knowledge or sanction—is a common "fake"; and I must disclaim all connection with it.—Very sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

WAITE, WINDHAM CO., VT., November 3, 1895.

### JOHN ROBINSON'S TRACT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You cite, in your issue of October 31, Dr. Garnett of the British Museum, respecting a copy of John Robinson's 'Manumission to a Manuinduction,' 1615, which he assigns to "Leyden" as the place of publication, while a section of the catalogue of the Museum recently received assigns it to "[London]." Dr. Gar-

nett is also quoted by you as calling this Museum copy of the tract "absolutely unique." Dr. Garnett is seldom caught napping; but he was misled by what Ashton said in his edition of Robinson in 1851, when he had not been able to find it to reprint. This omission was noted at the time by the late Dr. Charles Deane, who caused it to be printed the next year in the first volume of the fourth series of the collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society (1852) from a copy in his possession, and now in the Deane library, as kept together by his heirs. Dr. Henry M. Dexter, in his 'Bibliography of Congregationalism,' a few years ago, credited this same copy to Mr. Deane's collection.

JUSTIN WINSOR.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., November 2, 1895.

### "COLLEGES" AT HARVARD AND ELSEWHERE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reference to the term "college" for a single building in your issue of September 24 suggests that the same word with the same sense is still used in various parts of the country. It is true that such a use is not recognized by any of the dictionaries—the Oxford, Century, International, Standard, or the dictionaries of Americanisms by Bartlett and Farmer. Yet the expression is found not only among common people, but among students as well, and in some college catalogues. Of the latter I may mention a single instance in which the names East College, Central College, and West College were given to the three buildings of an institution, doubtless without thought on the part of the trustees that the usage is not sanctioned by the lexicographers.

In the college town, common people not only use "college" in the sense referred to, but "colleges," besides the singular as a collective term. Parallel to this last usage is the expression "universities," which has been heard in a university town, although, so far as I know, "university" is never applied even dialectally to a single building. These, and other examples which might be cited, seem to indicate that common people, at least, often associate the word "college" with one of a group of buildings belonging to a collegiate institution.

In view of this similar employment of the word "college" in other parts of the country, therefore, can the quotation of your correspondent be assumed as proving even "a certain adherence to the English usage in the matter of separate colleges"? May it not be more probably—shades of Harvard Overseers pardon the suggestion!—merely a dialectal use of the word, originating in America? At any rate the usage noted is common enough to-day to deserve to be recorded in future dictionaries.

OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N.Y., November 2, 1895.

### CONTROL OF FICTION IN LIBRARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your comments on my note about fiction in the Brookline Public Library make it appear that a few words of explanation might profitably be added in further elucidation of a subject of real public importance. Your note as to "a full line" of trash (waiving, if you please, the question of degrees in trashiness) voices a somewhat common idea that library directors are apt to yield quite unreservedly to the public demand for unprofitable fiction. Justice to the common practice of such officers nowadays requires that the falsity of this

idea should be exposed. No more enlightened and public-spirited efforts to improve and elevate the community in its tastes and feelings are being made anywhere than those made by the persons in charge of our public libraries. In Brookline, as elsewhere, it has seemed best to cater to a small extent to low and unformed tastes, for the purpose of drawing to the library that large class (large even in Brookline, with its thousands of servants) who will not otherwise come under its influence. The inclusion, in Brookline, of Mrs. Southworth and others like her, who are excluded elsewhere, is due to the simple fact that the library was formed early, when this group of writers were taken as the best (almost the only reputable) writers who could be used as such a bait. In later years (when the Salem library was formed, for example) there was a new and better school of writers of light fiction, and there had also been progress in the public taste. The evidences of this progress, which are plainly visible in the steady improvement of the fiction called for at the libraries, is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. The Brookline library had perhaps better be "weeded" a little about this time if it would keep in the front rank in this movement. But the explanation which you think is needed is doubtless correctly given in what I have said.

Respectfully yours,

W. I. FLETCHER.

AMHERST COLLEGE LIBRARY, MASS., November 4, 1895.

## Notes.

THE *Publishers' Weekly* announces an issue of the new 'American Catalogue, 1890-95,' in parts, beginning directly with A-H of the author-and-title alphabet, adding another part before the close of the year, and concluding the work as early in 1896 as possible. This for the immediate convenience of the trade and the libraries.

The same organ reports the establishment in this city of 'The Club Bindery' by thirty-eight members of the Grolier Club, which will do no work for other persons unless in default of full employment from the association. Its workshops are at 31 Broad Street.

While D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation a sumptuous illustrated edition of Hall Caine's 'Manxman,' under the author's personal supervision, with the aid of more than forty photographs—the issue being limited to 250 copies—Dodd, Mead & Co. have secured the American market for a correspondingly fine edition of J. M. Barrie's 'Auld Licht Idyls,' with eighteen etchings by William Hole, making a quarto volume limited to 100 copies (out of 550) for the United States.

Roberts Brothers announce an illustrated edition of Balzac's works as translated by Miss Wormeley. The edition will be in forty octavo volumes, limited to one thousand numbered sets, and will be illustrated with designs by prominent French artists, and reproduced in "gouplgravures." The work will be sold by subscription.

An entirely new edition of the works of Lord Byron, including his letters, public and private, under the supervision of Mr. W. E. Henley, will be brought out by Macmillan & Co. in ten volumes. They also have nearly ready Dr. George Brandes's study, 'William Shakspeare,' translated from the Norwegian by William Archer. This work has already appeared in German (Leipzig: Albert Langen; New York: Westermann). Further pub-

lications of this house are to be a second, corrected, edition of Prof. Mark Baldwin's 'Mental Development in the Child and the Race,' issued only in April last; 'American Types,' essays from the *Atlantic Monthly* by Gamaliel Bradford, jr.; lectures by Prof. Arthur G. Webster of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., on 'Electricity and Magnetism'; 'The Child in Primitive Culture and Folk-Thought,' by Dr. A. F. Chamberlain of the same university; and 'In a Walled Garden,' by Mme. Belloc.

From the Cassell Publishing Co., New York, we are to have 'The History of *Punch* and its Times,' by M. H. Spielmann, with 120 illustrations of many kinds.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. will publish immediately 'Algerian Memoirs,' by Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman, an account of a bicycle tour in the spring of 1894, extending the entire length of Algeria; and 'A Pocket History of the Presidents, and Information about the United States,' by Thomas Rand.

'The Evolution of Church Music,' by the Rev. Frank Landon Humphrey, is promised by James Pott & Co.

Ginn & Co., Boston, announce 'A Practical Method in the Modern Greek Language,' by Eugene Rizo-Rangabé.

'Garrison Tales from Tonquin,' by James O'Neill, will be published this month by Copeland & Day, Boston. A poster for this work, "by Jo Hing, a talented Chinese artist, is very nearly completed."

'Paderewski and his Art' is the title of a timely brochure of 44 pages by Henry T. Finck, published by Whittingham & Atherton. It is elegantly printed on thick paper, has a title-page by Mr. Kenyon Cox, two rare portraits of Paderewski, and a facsimile of the manuscript of one of his favorite pieces. The text is biographic and critical.

Smith & Elder, London, were to publish last month a new volume of essays by Vernon Lee, entitled 'Renaissance Fancies and Studies,' a sequel to 'Euphorion,' of which the third edition appeared last autumn. It contains the following essays: "The Love of the Saints" (a study of the influence of the Franciscan movement on art), "The Imaginative Art of the Renaissance," "Tuscan Sculpture," a valedictory chapter on the value of similar studies (comprising an estimate of the late Walter Pater), and a biographical romance of the fifteenth century, called "A Seeker of Pagan Perfection."

Mr. Gladstone is said to be hard at work on his edition of Bishop Butler. It will consist of three large volumes, the last of which, it is understood, will contain a collection of Mr. Gladstone's various essays on the author of the 'Analogy.'

It is announced that M. Edmond de Goncourt, after he gets his book on Hokusai well off his hands, will publish a last volume of the "Journal des Goncourt," which will be brought down to the year 1895. Thereafter he will continue to keep a journal of his life, but does not expect to print it during his lifetime. The reason for this delay on the part of the eminent diarist is not, at first sight, easy to make out. It can hardly be due to any dread of scandal, for M. de Goncourt has already shown himself impervious to that fear. Possibly he may think it well that some of his younger literary brethren, among whom he has not made himself universally beloved, should receive a gentle intimation that he has a rod in pickle.

It is a great satisfaction to have General

Grant's 'Personal Memoirs,' after the unprecedented wave of popularity which the work enjoyed when first sold by subscription, at last appear in a form worthy of so important a classic. The Century Co., having taken it over from its late publishers, have clothed it in the best garb of the DeVinne Press and in a binding appropriate to the simple elegance of the typography. Col. F. D. Grant has supplemented his father's notes with a few chiefly of a biographical nature, and has freely used the broad margins partly for topical indications, and especially for precise references to books and authors relied on, or which the student may consult with profit. A new index of more than fifty pages has been provided. Finally, changes in the portraits and in the maps are to be noted. No one can reread these chapters without a sense of their having, over and above the extraordinary interest which attaches to them as a military narrative and an autobiography, a high moral usefulness in the sphere of patriotism. They will not recruit the ranks of the professional fighter or of the Jingo. The North and the South alike have salutary lessons to draw from them.

So many volumes and publishers and illustrators are attached to the name and fame of 'Uncle Remus' that we need to be reminded of the order of precedence. The Tar Baby series, as we may designate the first, was issued by the Messrs. Appleton, and it is this which, after fifteen years of undiminished popularity, they republish—'Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings'; a sort of jubilee edition, adorned with 112 illustrations by A. B. Frost. Mr. Frost fully sustains his reputation for cleverness and humor in his sympathetic designs, whether on a large or a small scale. The title-page is delightfully conceived, and the artist is thoroughly at home with Brer Rabbit, Brer Possum, and that "outnes' man," Brer Tarrypin. Mr. Frost's success with the colored type of human beings is as marked as with the animals whom he invests with a semi-human appearance and behavior. The book is beautifully printed, and will satisfy the public as it satisfies the author, Mr. Harris.

The Messrs. Putnam make their annual supreme effort in *éditions de luxe* with Irving's 'Tales of a Traveller' in two extremely attractive volumes from their Knickerbocker Press. "Buckthorne" is the brand of this edition, and it is a good name to conjure with. The beautiful letterpress is hedged in with very successful symbolic borders designed by George Wharton Edwards, and printed in pale reds and blues; Mr. Walter C. Greenough furnishes tasteful chapter initials, and a variety of artists have contributed full-page illustrations of the Tales, never falling below a respectable level if not reaching the highest, and harmonizing very well with one another and with occasional photographs from nature or from old prints. Mr. Edwards's hand is also seen in the bold decoration of the cover, rich in green and gold. Altogether we have here an admirable example of American book-making, and, as we began by saying, not the first of its kind from the publishing-house whose imprint it bears.

The same imprint is on the latest of the "Elia" series, viz., Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies,' of which the handy size and handsome print recommend it at once. The cover is noticeably ornamental, even if the motive—of acorns and oak leaves—has no obvious relation to the title of the book.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have done well by an excerpt from Ian Maclaren's 'Beside the Bonnie



Brier-bush,' 'A Doctor of the Old School,' which is strong enough to stand alone and will be generally welcome in holiday attire. The author maintains in his preface the existence of many such "utterly Christian" characters as William MacLure, whose goodness was "a peety" to the bigoted because he "didna mak mair profession o' reelegion"; and also thanks the American public for its interest in his works. The illustrations, pen-drawings by Frederick C. Gordon, are pronounced by Mr. MacLaren to have been executed in "an admirable and understanding fashion." This, no doubt, should suffice, though, except in some landscape passages, they are rather crude. The book is prettily bound.

It cannot be said that Mr. Ralph Richardson has made a very interesting book of his 'George Morland, Painter' (London: Elliot Stock), but, as nearly half of its 166 pages are taken up with lists of Morland's paintings and of engravings after them and other such material, it should prove useful to collectors and to critics. The writer is desirous, for a future edition, of information as to the present whereabouts of any pictures by Morland which have been engraved. The size of canvas, signature, and date (if any), title, style, and engraver of the engraving, with its publisher and date, and the full name and address of the present owner of the picture should be given. Any such information may be sent to Mr. Richardson at Gattonside House, Melrose, Scotland.

The October *Portfolio* (Macmillan) is a monograph on William Blake by Richard Garnett, LL.D. Dr. Garnett gives a sufficient account of the life of that strange genius and an eminently sane judgment of his work in literature and art, recognizing without exaggerating his unique merits and his equally great shortcomings. Most of the illustrations are familiar, but there are a few which we have not before seen engraved. "The Resurrection of the Dead," from a water-color in the British Museum, is particularly welcome as showing what Blake was capable of in the way of finish. We are glad, also, of the examples of color printing, which seem to be very successful, and serve to show the kind of completion by color that the rough engravings of his "Prophetic Books" were meant to receive.

Dr. Stoddard's chatty and pleasant little volume, 'Cruising among the Caribbees' (Scribners), will be serviceable if it shall lead his readers to imitate him in visiting the Windward Islands. When so many thousands of tourists and invalids rush to Florida and southern California to escape the rigors of our winters, it is remarkable that so few should know of the terrestrial paradise lying within a few days' easy sail to the southeast, where tropical heats are tempered by the trade-winds, and land and sea and sky rival each other in the ever varying panorama that unrolls itself to the voyager, and man contributes his share in the contrasts between life in the Caribbean and at home. Without being wearisome, Dr. Stoddard conveys a good deal of information about these delightful islands, though he puzzles us a little with the sex of Santa Domingo (p. 9), and he copies, without correction, a curious illustration of Froude's (p. 147) in the historian's account of Rodney's victory of 1782, where he describes St. Lucia as lying between St. Vincent and Dominica. If Dr. Stoddard were familiar with the description of the Caribs by the Spanish discoverers, he would scarce feel sad (p. 125) in meditating "upon the speedy destruction of such a race."

'Among Rhode Island Wild Flowers' (Providence, R. I.: Preston & Rounds) is a handy

duodecimo of about a hundred pages, in which Prof. Bailey of Brown University has described, in an attractive fashion and under their common names, the more conspicuous and noteworthy plants of his State. Some of his sketches are Thoreau-like in their clearness of outline and delicacy of touch. The comparison of the purple shells of the skunk cabbage to "half-buried capuchins, or weird cobolds of German story" is a fair example of his felicity of expression. Prof. Bailey delights now and then in surprises. The wild carrot of Warwick is "a lovely nuisance." "A ballast heap for railway filling is only excelled by the delightful ash-heaps of our cities. Blessings on the conservative wealthy who leave these odd corners to offend the public and educate the botanist!" We are sure that a more comprehensive work in the same field from the hands of Prof. Bailey would be welcome.

In *Science* for October 18 appears an open letter addressed "to those interested in Quaternions and allied systems of Mathematics," and signed by P. Molenbroke, The Hague, Holland, and S. Kimura, Yale University, U. S. A. The letter calls attention to the familiar, if not fully explained, fact that, in spite of the great power and flexibility of Hamilton's quaternion calculus, and the "richness of transformations, generality of treatment, simplicity of expression and interpretation," both of this system and of Grassmann's 'Ausdehnungslehre,' these systems have failed in the half-century of their existence to receive very much attention from mathematicians in general. The writers follow up this oft told tale, however, by an expression of the conviction that, in view especially of the needs of modern electrical theory, the time is now ripe for a combined and earnest effort on the part of those who are working in these lines, to promote the progress of this branch of mathematical science. They therefore propose the formation of what they provisionally call "The International Association for Promoting the Study of Quaternions and Allied Systems of Mathematics," and ask those in sympathy with their object to communicate with one or other of the signers. It will be interesting to observe whether this appeal to the followers of Hamilton and Grassmann will meet with an adequate response.

From the press of Cohen, of Bonn, comes to us the beautifully printed 'Index Lysiacus,' which the painstaking author, Dr. David H. Holmes, has dedicated to three of his teachers, Profs. Gildersleeve, Hübner, and Usener. All students of Attic prose, for whom such indexes have answered many a hard question of usage, will welcome the book—even the English cousin who thought he detected a Western flavor in the style of Lysias, who may have been called a "dago" on the Athenian Bowery, in that part of the agora, let us say, near the shop of Lysias's cripple. While speaking of Lysias, we note with pleasure the appearance of Dr. M. H. Morgan's 'Eight Orations of Lysias' (Boston: Ginn & Co.), and while on the subject of indexes, we must express the hope that Prof. Hogue's 'Index to the Verbs and Verb-forms of Isocrates' will soon find a publisher.

The Bulletin of the Geographical Club of Philadelphia, No. 5, possesses exceptional interest. It is devoted to an account of the Peary Auxiliary Expedition of 1894, prepared by a member of it, Mr. Henry G. Bryant, the Club's recording secretary, together with the scientific reports. The geological portion emanates from Prof. T. C. Chamberlain, and striking indeed are the photographic illustrations accompanying the text, which show the stratifi-

cation of the Greenland glaciers, and the close analogy in their folds, faults, etc., to sedimentary rock. There are numerous portraits, and some views of natives.

The April Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., is marked by three papers of unusual merit. One is Mr. S. S. Green's survey of the Scotch-Irish in America, especially useful in its Massachusetts revelations, seeing that that race cuts but a slender figure in her annals. Here the curious fact is that Scotch-Irish were among the founders of a Presbyterian church in Long Lane (afterwards and now Federal Street), which ultimately became Channing's and Unitarian. Mr. Andrew McFarland Davis, apropos of Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' discusses very thoroughly "The Law of Adultery and Ignominious Punishments," first in Massachusetts and other parts of New England, and then in the mother country, where the continuous wearing of a shameful badge for any offence has not been discovered in his researches. In the case of incest, Connecticut copied the Massachusetts law, and the provision "requiring the convict to wear a capital I two inches long on the outside of his upper garment" was not dropped till the revision of 1821. Mr. Lucien Carr's summary of what is known respecting "The Food of Certain American Indians [east of the Mississippi]" is as agreeable to read as it is scholarly.

Mr. Edward W. James gives in his *Lower Norfolk County Virginia Antiquary*, part 2 of No. 1, a valuable list of slave-owners in Princess Anne County in 1850 (enumerated at that time by himself, as a foot-note informs us), and the continuance of a similar list for the same county in 1860, the latter census distinguishing employers from owners, who were in 18 instances in this instalment united in one person, leaving 77 employers not owners, against 713 owners. In 1850 the largest number of slaves owned by one man was 56, the next largest 55, and only one other slaveholder owned more than 30. But a part of the records is missing. A probable incident in the life of the eccentric and versatile Englishman, James Silk Buckingham (1785-1855), not recorded in the biographical dictionaries, but not contradicted by them, or perhaps by his autobiography, is revealed on p. 55. An inventory of the estate of Col. Anthony Lawrence, 1785, runs on: "a parcel brown Sugar and 3 pair Sheets; Negroes Old peg 15½ Charity 50 young Hannah & Child John 70. . . Dinah 30 Judah 15 2 sorrel mares 24 2 bay d' 8," in innocent confusion of chattels personal. Mr. James is his own publisher at 714 East Franklin Street, Richmond.

The October number of the *William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine* is substantially filled with a great variety of valuable matter. In particular, President Tyler supplies from the records of Northumberland County a fresh batch of documents throwing light on the Washington family, connection and neighbors, and involving the names of Brodburst, Bernard, Pope, Hardwick, Gerard, Lee, etc.

Mountain-climbing is the subject of two of the articles in the *Geographical Journal* for October. Mr. Scott Elliot tells of his attempts to reach the summit of Ruwenzori, the snow-clad range lying in the heart of the African lake system. Though unsuccessful, through the giving out of his porters, he was able to get to a height of 12,640 feet, or about 4,000 feet below the top, and to gain some valuable information in regard to the geological structure of the mountain. His principal

object was to study its flora, and he brought back with him a large collection of plants, some of which are new to science. The forest, he found, reached to a height of 8,600 feet; then followed the bamboo zone to 10,000 feet, and above this, to 12,000 feet, a bed of sphagnum peat-moss, in which were gnarled and stunted trees of heather of enormous size, "often with a diameter of two feet!" Brambles grew to be as big as mulberries. There was very little animal life to be observed, though elephants were numerous in the forest at the foot of the range; at one time Mr. Elliot counted a hundred passing in single file. The other mountain was the Mustagh-ata, or "Father of Ice-Mountains," the highest peak of the Pamir plateau. Dr. Sven Hedin made several attempts to gain the summit, and though he climbed, with the aid of yaks, to a height of 19,500 feet, six thousand below the top, the difficulties presented by the wind, the snow, and the ice-crevasses were too great to be overcome. A successful ascent, even under the most favorable circumstances, he holds to be impossible. There is also in the *Journal* an interesting account of the Gilbert Islands, in the western Pacific, by Mr. C. M. Woodford, in the course of which he says that the natives "catch and partially tame the frigate-bird, and employ it to convey messages from island to island."

The most noteworthy article in the *Annales de Géographie* for October is a description of the physical features of parts of the basins of the Seine, Meuse, and Moselle, by Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard University, whose letters from those basins to the *Nation* will be remembered. It is illustrated by several charts and diagrams. There is also an encouraging account of the progress of the Russian province of Samara in population and cultivation, and a sketch of recent explorations in the French Congo. From a statistical paper upon the rainfall of western Europe we learn that the English Lake District receives the greatest amount, the annual average being fifteen feet; and Almería, in Spain, the smallest, the average being only ten inches. The minimum for all Europe, however, is at Astrakhan, on the Caspian, where only seven inches falls in the course of the year. These facts, which are the results of observations made during the years 1861-90, are also graphically pictured in a colored chart. The remaining contents of this number are articles on depressions and deserts, and on the distribution of the population of Germany.

The Administrative Council of the Pasteur Institute has, in accordance with the general expectation, elected M. Duclaux and Dr. Roux to the directorship and sub directorship of the Institute; M. Vallery-Radot becomes a member of the Council as representative of the Pasteur family; and M. J. B. Pasteur is made a member of the assembly. The Institute, which was opened in 1888, will go on as before its founder's death, and will carry out his work.

A correspondent in Chicago, apropos of the recent discussion in these columns, informs us that for several years the University of Wisconsin has offered a special A. B. course which is accepted, in lieu of the first year, by three of the medical colleges in that city. Several other institutions which have followed this example, have obtained similar recognition for their graduates.

A pleasing and characteristic, but perhaps somewhat overfurnished, portrait of the late Prof. Boyesen has been added by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, to his photographic imperial panel series.

By an unaccountable confusion, we lately made the wholly mistaken assertion that Robert Louis Stevenson was not mentioned in the new volume of 'Johnson's Cyclopaedia.' The only palliation we can offer is, that the remark was incidental, and not in connection with a review of the Cyclopaedia itself.

—The *Century* magazine celebrates this month its twenty-fifth anniversary by the first instalment of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Sir George Tressady." The lines of this hero promise to be cast in politics and love, and are apparently to be crossed by the reader's old acquaintance Marcella, in her new rôle of Lady Maxwell. Besides an accompanying portrait of Mrs. Ward, there are portraits of Stevenson (from the bas-relief made in the sickroom by St. Gaudens), of Duse, and of Vi- bert the artist, each with letterpress to match. In "The Devotion of Enriquez" Bret Harte has had the clever idea of joining together in fiction a Californian Lothario of Castilian extraction and a Bostonian young lady of purest intellectual ray serene. The story is full of humor, but whether the net result of the cut-and-thrust gallantries of the hero is judged perfectly natural or absolutely incredible will depend on the reader's view of the relation of culture to instinct. Mr. Bryce has something of interest to say on the Armenian question; and, finally, in a symposium *à deux*, Mr. Roosevelt and ex-Gov. Russell define the political issues of 1896. Mr. Roosevelt holds that in the Republican convention the majority "may spare the minority humiliation by refraining from denouncing in so many words the free coinage of silver"; that to "violently oppose any scheme looking towards international bimetalism" is mere foolishness; that the Republican party should "make an aggressive fight on the question of America's foreign policy," and that "we should annex Hawaii immediately." Mr. Roosevelt would, in all probability, consider ex-Gov. Russell's mention of civil-service reform vague and unsatisfactory—a view from which it would not be easy to dissent.

—The current *Harper's* contains two articles which indirectly should as well serve the cause of political enlightenment as those written with direct political purpose. One of the two is Richard Harding Davis's "Out of the World at Corinto." Central American republics are not likely ever in the future to become objects of partisan furor to Mr. Davis, or his fellow-travellers, or the (it is to be hoped) large number of his convinced readers. Nicaragua and Corinto have lately fallen into the background of national consciousness, together with our sense of responsibility for the grade of consul Mr. Davis shows as representing us in certain Southern ports. Such consuls are, however, an insult to national dignity which deserves as serious consideration as possible infringements of the Monroe doctrine. The other of the two articles, "A Pilgrim on the Gila," is called by its writer, Owen Wister, a story. Nevertheless, its character, in spite of a sensational element, inclines the reader to accept it as an unvarnished picture of social and economical conditions as Mr. Wister saw them, or learned them by personal contact, in Arizona, where the balance of cleanliness appears to be on the Mormon side, but in the conduct of life and politics by theft and knavery the Gentile is able to hold his own. The next time a debate comes up in Congress on the admission of Arizona as a State, it might be helpful to members intending to vote in the negative to unearth this

number of *Harper's*. Another of its best papers, "Literary Boston Thirty Years Ago," is written in Mr. Howells's mellowest and most attractively frank vein. This is not surprising in view of the pleasantness of those palmy days when our literary oracles had their shrines in New England only, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was their mouthpiece, and Mr. Howells himself its assistant editor.

—The *Atlantic* for the present month reflects, in the titles of three of its prominent articles, the changes in times and in itself. Lafcadio Hearn's "After the War" describes the Japanese celebrations of victories, and the national sentiment, as displayed in May and June last, upon the return of battleship and regiment. Prof. Woodrow Wilson prefaces his paper, "A Literary Politician," by comments on the remoter meanings of the paradoxical terms of his title. The study which follows, of the late Walter Bagehot, is not only worthy of the literary traditions of the magazine, but sets, in breadth and flexibility of view, a standard for contributors to write and readers to think up to. "The Future of Naval Warfare," by Walter Mitchell, is a paper which will certainly be *caviare* to most politicians and to all clamorous advocates of naval extension, but which deserves the more, for that reason, to be widely advertised by its thoughtful readers. A federated naval service, which, being international, would be taken out of politics and into the category of civil service, is Mr. Mitchell's ambitious idea. Its fulfilment must depend upon "the combined action of the chief maritime powers making the ocean the free common for all nations, and declaring against its use for belligerent purposes," though nothing in the terms of the league would hinder the free transportation of troops and supplies between, for instance, an empire and its colonies. The duties of an international navy would be, on an enormously enlarged scale, the duties of any navy in times of peace. Special stress is laid on the "value of a sea-patrol along the three-mile-wide track of transatlantic commerce," carrying salvage crews and "cruising with almost the precision of the life-savers of the coast-guard." The derelict would in this case disappear from the list of marine dangers, and the dread of iceberg and field-ice be greatly lessened. The starting-point of this carefully thought-out article is the contemporaneous development of fully armored ships, in which the maximum of defensive capacity is sought for, and of partly protected commerce-destroying cruisers, "fleet enough to keep out of the range of the line-of-battle craft," the qualities of each "ever leading on to vaster possibilities of ruin and expense."

—The only marked feature of *Scribner's* is a thoroughly interesting likeness of Prof. Helmholtz, taken in class-room, at the close of his last lecture but one, by one of his students. It is accompanied by some brief but acceptable remarks, by the same student, about the original, including an enumeration of his most important scientific discoveries, which, while it would no doubt be a twice-told tale to the duly crammed schoolboy, his elders may still read with profit. Apart from this, although Mr. Lang's memorial verses to Stevenson strike a pleasant chord, the number is without significance, unless it be to exemplify with emphasis the increasing tendency of the magazines to become mere picture-books for eyes of older growth. Pictures are abundantly plentiful here, and there is a plentiful lack of quality in



them, and in too much of the text that reinforces them. There is, in fact, although the magazines would too often seem to deny it, a gap between writing and having something to say which the illustrator is not always competent to bridge.

—It is now more than a year since Tolstoi's pamphlet on 'Patriotism and the Christian Spirit' formed the principal attraction in the windows of all the book-stores of Germany and France, and doubtless fell into the hands and influenced the tone of mind of a proportionately large number of readers. This pamphlet was a very moving picture of how the several nations of Europe are kept armed to the teeth in order to gratify the love of revenge and the love of aggrandizement of their rulers, while the plain people, who have the taxes to pay, have no desire whatever to spend their time in fighting. Since socialism has been such a strong power in Germany and France, the feeling of international friendliness has been growing constantly stronger. Besides the reasons for amity between nations which industrialism furnishes, the close intercourse which prevails between scientists is another bond that makes for peace; it would seem almost like a contradiction in terms for the scientific men of France and Germany to wish to go to war with each other—at least to engage in anything more than a war of arguments. And now comes a new tie which, according to M. Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, will do much to make France (the country most to be feared) look with more friendly eyes upon the nations of the North. This is the absorbing interest which she is taking at the present moment in the literatures of the North. When one is just awaking to the power and beauty of the life of a people as depicted by its great novelists and dramatists, one is not in the humor for taking up arms against that people.

—M. Brunetière takes occasion to defend the present movement among the literary people of France, against those who object to it on the ground that the patriotic Frenchman ought to like nothing that is not French. He grants that it is doubtless pure accident that the objectors are for the most part those who know neither English, German, Russian, nor Norwegian, and he goes on to show, as James Darmesteter has done before, that the influence of race has been very much exaggerated—that it is tradition, chance, the fashion of the moment, more than race that determines the body of opinion of a given people at a given time. Germany, he points out, has abandoned metaphysics for physiopsychology, and it is at Oxford, not at any German university, that the last remaining metaphysicians are to be found. But the great tradition of the writers who secured for France its predominating influence over other countries is faithfully carried on, not by French writers, but by those of the North. The superstition of art for art's sake, the exploiting of one's own individuality, the absorption in nauseating amorous experiences—all this, he shows, is far removed from the natural development of French race or French tradition either. It is not to be wondered at that French literature seeks a return from its present degeneracy to the ideal of its own good period by way of the sound and strenuous literature of the northern countries. Such plain speaking as this from a critic who is so much the law unto minor critics as is M. Brunetière, is as refreshing as a clear cool breeze in a sultry day of midsummer.

—Every one in his turn for the translator who goeth about roaring; and, Ibsen devoured, Echegaray was next. To make the transition as easy as possible, the latter's most Ibsenish play (so confessed by the author himself) was chosen to lead off with. This, "The Son of Don Juan," we had some time ago from Roberts Bros., translated by James Graham. Another of the Spanish dramatist's later productions, "Mariana," has also been given an English dress by the same publishers and translator. What is probably Echegaray's greatest (certainly it is his most famous) play, "El Gran Galeoto," together with a drama which has long been a popular favorite, "O Locura ó Santidad," now comes to us "done into English prose" by Hannah Lynch (London: Lane; Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co.). This translation cannot be highly praised. It is correct enough in general, but has no insight for the nicer dependencies, and constantly misses the connections which, in the Spanish, get you smoothly over the joltings of the version. The translator fails to see, often, how a word which may mean what she thinks, must mean something else as used. Her translation of the very title of the second play, "Folly or Saintliness," is a case in point. *Locura* must mean here "madness," if the whole point and a large part of the action of the play are not to be lost outright. Such a method wrongs the Spanish, and often results, of course, in choice specimens of "translation English." "El Gran Galeoto" is no doubt a difficult play to make intelligible to a septentrional, so full of southern presuppositions is it; but the puzzle is little clarified by this attempt to make the play at home in English.

#### EXPERIMENTAL BIBLIOGRAPHY.

*A Reader's Guide to Contemporary Literature: Being the First Supplement to 'The Best Books.'* By William Swan Sonnenschein. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895. 4to, pp. 16, lxxiv, 775.

WHAT is most puzzling in this "First Supplement" to the work reviewed in these columns four years ago is the question as to its exact scope. As regards the period of time covered (which is, in general, from 1891 to 1894), Mr. Sonnenschein states in his preface that while one portion of the present work was "at press," he has continued his "work upon the next." Thus, near the end of the book, one finds Jespersen's 'Progress in Language,' a work published in October, 1894, while the new edition of Pennell's 'Pen-Drawing,' published very nearly at the same time, is looked for in vain, since its classification would have been reached about two hundred pages earlier. While a similar reason will serve to account for the absence of numerous other publications of the year 1894, it by no means accounts for omissions in typical instances like the following, all of which antedate 1894: Séché's 'Les Derniers Jansénistes,' Ratzel's 'Politische Geographie der Vereinigten-Staaten,' Larroumet's 'Études de Littérature et d'Art,' and the 1893 translation of Compayré's 'Psychology applied to Education.' Even if we bear in mind the compiler's explanation that he has not only "used this Supplement for addenda to the main work" ("books which should have been, but were not, included in the previous volume"), but has made this new volume, so to speak, "run on at the foot of it," we are still in the dark. Neither in the original publication nor in the Supplement is there any mention of such

works as Doniol's 'Histoire de la Participation de la France à l'Établissement des États-Unis d'Amérique,' or Baron Ricasoli's 'Lettere e Documenti,' both of which, covering as they do a series of volumes, lap over the periods of Mr. Sonnenschein's two compilations respectively. The same is true of serial publications, such as the *Educational Review* (New York). That there is a new edition of Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia now in progress, Mr. Sonnenschein is indeed aware, but his entry of it under "Johnson, Edwin Rossiter," is well fitted to produce nearly as much bewilderment in the reader's mind as the curious entries of Flint's 'Statistics of Public Libraries' at p. 547.

There are two other directions in which one naturally looks for light in regard to the scope of the work, namely, the question of language—whether in English or not; and the question of quality—whether the "best" books only or not. Not only does the present volume not confine its entries to works in English, but it includes the issues of the press in even the remoter portions of Europe, as well as contributions to the bibliography of the less known literatures of Europe. Yet under the heading "Rhaeto-Romanian Philology and Literature" one fails to find Prof. Willard Fiske's catalogue of his Rhaeto-Romanic Collection. As regards quality in selection, the original work's characteristic designation, 'The Best Books,' is ignored, so far as possible, in the present volume, and the preface even announces the deliberate intention of including certain "bad" books, with a view "to warn readers off them." This is a laudable intention, and yet there is a surprisingly large number of books—under such suggestive titles as, for instance, 'Tracked to Doom,' or 'Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?' (p. 577)—which would seem to have eluded this warning off. These entries may be attributed to a not unnatural difference of opinion as to the merits of certain books, or, on the other hand, to an oversight on the part of the compiler. In either case they have helped to swell the bulk of the volume, which is by no means slight. As already stated above, the period covered is, in general, from 1891 to 1894 (subject to certain modifications); but, for the publications of these less than five years, more than 775 pages are required, while the publications of many times five years are brought within about 1,009 pages in the original work.

It is not easy to understand the compiler's attitude towards this question of bulk. Has it been his aim to reduce it to a minimum or not? If one should confine his attention to the instances of rubbish (not so characterized) above cited, one would doubtless say No. So would one if noting such instances as Farini, a work which is now not only forty years out of date, but of which the compiler remarks: "Of no particular value now" (p. 338); or Williams's 'Village Buildings,' on which his comment is: "Not much more than an architect's trade catalogue" (p. 505). But as soon as one comes in contact with the remarkable scheme of abbreviations employed throughout the book, this opinion is likely to be reversed, or at least held in abeyance. No such abandonment to the abbreviating tendency has been seen in any work intended for the public to consult, not even in the predecessor to this volume, and it is next to inexplicable except on the supposition of economizing space or economizing time.

A recent most interesting biography of a great historian is provided with a series of elaborate foot-notes; and so minutely is everything explained therein—"oligarchy," for instance, being defined as "literally, the rule of

the few"—that one is led to wonder just what age of readers the book was intended for. For a wholly opposite reason the reader's wonder is excited in the present volume. The formal "list of abbreviations" (most of which are usually met with) is supplied at the beginning of the volume, only slightly enlarged from that in its predecessor, but is followed by the remark: "Other abbreviations adopted in the book will, it is thought, be readily intelligible." The reader should feel highly flattered at this tribute to his intelligence, or, rather, power of mind-reading, for it implies that he is a trained archaeologist, and can not only make "inscrip." read "inscriptions" (p. 609), but even make "Manca." read "Manchester" (p. 618). More than this, it implies that he can, so to speak, penetrate the compiler's inner consciousness, and instead of setting down as jargon such creations as "charstics," and "parly." (p. xxxvi and 550), take them at once to be "characteristics" and "parliamentary," and that he will see that "compreh." stands for "comprehensive," and nothing else (p. 128). He will not stumble over the language, "acresses ment. in the poem," and "Advents. in a Great City," but will read in full, as intended, "mentioned" and "Adrift" (pp. 596 and 578). He must think naught amiss in "A v. suggestive bk.," apart from the prodigal waste of letters in "suggestive" (p. 770); and if "The \$1.25 Cent. Co. N. Y. 91," following the words "Squirrel Inn" (p. 583), should raise in his mind fleeting visions of a "bargain counter," he can but blush at thus betraying the confidence reposed in him. He must be able to abbreviate, as well as think, in other languages than English, and to render "Cte." by *Comte* (p. 7), "Hi." by *Henri* (p. 739); and, if the problem be a title-a-line, render "Ægyptr." by "Ægypter" (p. lxvi), though the "title-a-line" scheme frequently proves a good deal of a will-o'-the-wisp. Compression is good, yet it can hardly be denied that it is gained at the expense of ambiguity in some of these instances. Only a knowledge of the book's contents, for example, will prevent one of Mr. Sonnenschein's American readers from seeing "New England" in the entry, "Folkl. of N. Engl." (p. 103), but it is the "Northern Counties of England" that the author means; and such an entry as "Early Vedic hymns to Tennyson" (p. 549) certainly requires to be preceded by "From," to obviate the amazing idea which it must convey to the uninitiated. Unusual penetration is surely required to decipher "Et." as "Ezerett" (p. xxiii), yet one can here turn from the index to the fuller form in the text. No such antidote, however, is at hand in the case of the confusion of the sexes resulting from the use of the same abbreviation—in text and index alike—for two different names. Thus, one should read "Francis" in the case of "Thompson, Fcs." (p. 601), but "Frances" in the case of "Lord, Prf. Fcs. E." (p. 607). Such instances as those cited above assuredly do not save the reader's time. It may be questioned if so complicated a scheme of periods, hyphens, etc., as is represented, for instance, in "pt.-of-view" (p. 567), is a saving of the printer's time, or even of the compiler's time.

If we turn from the scope of the work to its execution, the positions and aims of the compiler are here also not always easy to comprehend. That such a scheme of annotations as the one hinted at in his preface would be of real service to the reader, it is impossible to doubt—namely, a digesting of "the verdicts of the best reviewers." But in too large a number of cases they represent nothing of the

kind, but only a lengthened soliloquizing of the compiler. Some of the more astonishing of these cases, whether as reflecting a verbose, an undignified, or a jaunty mood of the annotator, are under Crawford (p. 617), Saintsbury (p. 565), North (p. 317), and Marshall (p. 132). As a "lost opportunity," in the way of annotation, may be mentioned the omission to point out, under Prof. Joseph H. Thayer's 'Books and their Use' (whose title suggests apparently the most general scope), that it relates to theological books only (p. 541). Another omission is under "Wide-Awake Stories," by Mrs. Steel and Mr. Temple (p. 112), where the reader needs to be notified of the book's reappearance in 1894 with a changed title, 'Tales of the Punjab.' A somewhat analogous instance of omission is the failure to make some mention of Prof. A. B. Bruce's 'The Kingdom of God,' under St. Luke's Gospel, to which it very particularly relates, although the book is entered elsewhere.

This last-named instance is in reality a question of classification, and in this field also Mr. Sonnenschein leaves much to be desired. It is true that no two readers will ever be found to agree as to every detail of classification and sub-classification in such a scheme as this; yet the method here employed well serves the practical uses of this kind of work of reference. It is one thing, however, to adopt a scheme of classification, and quite another thing to distribute the titles under it with perfect accuracy. Blind leadership is inevitable when this distribution is made by the compiler without making acquaintance with the book in question, as when Mrs. Seelye's work on the life of George Washington is entered with G. G. Evans's 'Washington Illustrated,' a work on the city of Washington (p. 289); the whole being still further complicated by being placed in an alphabetical order of States, between Virginia and Wisconsin, as if both books related to the State of Washington; or when Mrs. Shattuck's 'Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law' is placed under "Constitutional and Parliamentary Law," sub heading, "Constitutional Law," with Sir William R. Anson and other authorities (p. 154); or (most unkind of all), when Miss Barlow's 'Bog-land Studies' are labelled "Prose Fiction" (p. 579). It was surely well to include Dr. Coues's laborious reissue of the Lewis and Clark narrative of ninety years ago, but not under the heading, "Recent Travel and Description" (p. 287), where it appears; and also the invaluable 'Antología de Poetas Hispano Americanos' of M. Menéndez y Pelayo, but the latter is as good as buried by being entered only under "Spanish Philology," sub heading, "Dialects" (p. 745), and not at all under "Poetry," or even "Literature."

In the compiler's own attitude towards the question of the book's faultlessness or the reverse, the present volume offers a welcome contrast to its predecessor's astonishing self-consciousness of "substantial accuracy"; and the preface does not fail to suggest that "many slight, if not misleading, errors" have crept in. But it is surprising to read, in the very next sentence, of a certain class of errors, or, indeed, of any class of errors, that "they are all rectified in the Index"; for this is a volume in which the index makes sad work of many things which had been accurately entered in the body of the work. Such instances include the entry of Horace Walpole's name with the title of Earl of Oxford; and Mr. Goodyear's 'The Grammar of the Lotus' as 'Grammar of Law.' Confusion is caused, moreover, not only by the printing of wrong page-numbers in the index-references, and by the omission of a con-

siderable number of names from the index, but by imperfect alphabetizing of some of the names. "Skertchly," for instance, is indexed on one page when its alphabetical order would have placed it on the preceding page. By a simple oversight in the employment of the inverted commas, Mr. R. G. Thwaites becomes Thwaite in the index, Miss Edith Thompson is left destitute of any Christian name, and Mr. Huxley's writings are run in with the different members of the Hutton family. There is usually an extra hazard in straying from the beaten path of official designations, if one is not "to the manner born," as where the indexer reproduces the American State, New Hampshire (used on p. 224 in connection with Dartmouth College), at p. xvii of the index as "New Hants." As showing how a volume may be heedlessly "buried" in the index, so far as the reader's search for it is concerned, it may be mentioned that a book describing the "Tsar" and his people (by various writers), is entered, incorrectly, at p. 267, as "Isar and his People"; and the index accordingly reproduces it in I, instead of in T. In like manner, one of Mr. J. Walter Fewkes's descriptions of Zuni antiquities is entered, quite inadequately, at p. 667. Since, however, the name is misprinted "Tewkes," its index entry is lost by being reproduced in T instead of F. Indeed, this book is doubly buried, for, instead of appearing where one would properly look for it in the text, under New Mexico, Mr. Sonnenschein enters it under Alaska.

Instances of confused identity were frequent in the index to this book's predecessor, but their reappearance in the present volume is the more surprising because of the vigorous denunciation which the compiler administers in the preface to other bibliographical authorities who have erred in this particular. Indeed, this is, according to the claim of the preface, the one class of errors fully "rectified in the index." Some of these instances are due to the mechanical reproduction of some error in the body of the book, as where Mr. E. S. Brooks is made into two persons, one having his surname correctly printed and the other incorrectly; others to a chaotic uncertainty about alphabetizing English names beginning with a preposition, as where Aubrey De Vere is to be looked for partly in D and partly in V; others to carelessness in the names of married women, as where Mrs. Norman's books are partly in N, under her present name, and partly in D, under Dowie, her maiden name; or where the indexer fails to identify Mrs. H. W. Steel with Flora Annie Steel. This last cited type of error is, however, far easier to condone than its predecessors, since it is of the first importance for a bibliographer to remember that no information is preferable to misinformation. It is, indeed, very much to the indexer's credit that he has combined three different forms of Mr. Brander Matthews's name, as found in the text, into a single index-entry, "Matthews, Jas. B.," a form, however, which is decidedly open to question. But he has, in so doing, "gathered in" also a Matthews who is neither James nor Brander—Mr. Joseph Bridges Matthews, an English solicitor, whose identity is quite distinct from that of the American essayist. A still different variety of error is that of confounding the author's sex, as in the entries Ward, Julia H. (p. 48), and Allen, Jane Lane (p. 288), under which feminine disguises two well-known writers masquerade—the latter both in the text and in the index.

There remains still to be mentioned one more type of errors, for the bewilderment of the reader who desires to comprehend the plan of



the book's execution. Representative instances are the entry, in the text, of the Unionist statesman's name as "Rich." Chamberlain (p. 208), in the case of a book which is published by the same firm that issues this very 'Readers' Guide.' It is, of course, inconceivable that the compiler should not have known the true name; and in the index it properly appears as "Jos." But so it is also inconceivable that the compiler should not have known the true name of the late General Charles George Gordon (here entered as "Gordon, Gen. C. J." (p. 322), but this is not corrected in the index. On the other hand, the name of Rev. Stopford A. Brooke appears in the text (p. 734) in the inverted form, "A. Stopford," but here the index supplies the correct form. In the text, moreover (p. 199), the name of Miss Elizabeth H. Botume is wrongly printed as "Elijah"; the context, however, mentioning the author as "Miss" Botume. Nevertheless, the "Elijah" is religiously reproduced in the index.

From the instances successively enumerated above, in all of which the reader's attempts to discover consistency or completeness in the compiler's aims are signally baffled, one can only infer that the volume represents an experimental attitude on the part of the compiler. A writer on the Renaissance period of architecture has well characterized it as a time at which the great masters of their art "experimented incessantly"; and surely nothing short of this description would seem to be adequate to describe Mr. Sonnenschein's bibliographical undertakings. There is very much to be thankful for in the present volume; representing, as it does, tremendous industry, almost unwearied persistence, and an exceptional command of the sources of information. Omissions have been cited which seem difficult to understand, and yet the inclusiveness of the work is so great (as certain striking instances might illustrate) that no library can dispense with it. And after all has been said, it is as a contribution to experimental bibliography that the work is chiefly to be welcomed, for the compiler, with a very unusual fertility in experimenting, has thrown light on nearly every problem of bibliography.

As regards scope, it seems plain that Mr. Sonnenschein has rightly read the need existing for a work on a large scale, international in its inclusiveness, not limiting itself to the few "best books," but supplying a comprehensive view of the world's literature as it accumulates, and appearing continuously and at regular intervals. Certain of the largest libraries will still need to send each year, as they have always sent, to every civilized country, obtaining from each its separate national bibliography; but these instances do not begin to meet the requirements of the widely distributed "student and the general reader," to cite Mr. Sonnenschein's language, whom such a compilation as this has in mind. As regards classification, the objection that the scheme on which the present volume is based is unduly minute is hardly well taken, provided that misleading individual instances like those cited in this notice be eliminated, and provided also that so practically useful an index as the present one be always supplied as a clue to the whole. To be more explicit, an index constructed like this, not confining its entries to page-numbers, and having every book represented in it, not only will invariably save the time of the reader using it as a means of turning to the text, but will itself serve as the answer to a certain percentage of demands upon it. Still further, the change made by Mr. Sonnenschein in the present volume is to be

welcomed in the interest of simplicity, whereby there is substituted for the two separate indexes in the 1891 issue ("Authors and Titles Index" and "Subjects Index") the present consolidated index of all three forms of entry. Even more welcome is the restoration of a "Synopsis of Classification" (included in the 1887 publication, but omitted in that of 1891), but the reader will be still more grateful if the page-numbers shall be added, in the case of at least the chief headings of this "Synopsis." Abbreviations of some sort are an obvious necessity in a work of this nature, but one's judgment, it would seem, as well as the actual experience of the reader, will surely suggest that they be limited to such as can be interpreted by the public, instead of being recalled only by the individual memory of the compiler. Annotations such as those shadowed forth in the preface to the present work, though but inadequately supplied in the text (together with others of a still different type, represented under Forrest, p. 342, Phillips, p. 250, Dutton, p. 390, Bower, p. 648, and, with some allowances, Garnier, p. 501), will add distinctly to the serviceableness of the work. The excellent feature of the present work, of supplying dates in what some would perhaps regard as a lavish profusion—dates, namely, of publication, of reissue, of period actually covered in the narrative, etc.—should emphatically not be impaired by dilution.

As regards more mechanical features, any future work may well imitate the present one in wisely placing the page-number at the bottom of the page, thus leaving space for the various running head-lines at the top. In this volume, as in its predecessor, the choice of the various fonts of type employed gives evidence of careful study and admirable judgment; and the arrangement of the type, with the exception of the cumbrous device for indicating joint authors, can be almost unreservedly praised. Not only are the proportions of the printed page satisfactory, but so also are the dimensions of the book itself; and it is one which opens easily and lies open readily. Lastly, the fact should be emphasized that future work of this kind should be more nearly free from error. It is true that even if the directory of some city should make its appearance in any given year with more than its due percentage of errors, no firm engaged in a business of any magnitude could afford to dispense with a copy, and the field covered by Mr. Sonnenschein's successive issues is such that no library feels able to dispense with them. Nevertheless, whether by resorting to a coöperative plan (instead of practically depending on "a single hand"), or by refraining from the attempt to crowd too great a mass of work into an impossibly short time, there should in future be a much nearer approach to "substantial accuracy" than has yet been attained. The present volume has perhaps a smaller percentage of error than its predecessor, yet to have had a larger would be hardly possible. Surely the almost appalling industry and extraordinary fertility of invention represented in this volume should deserve a better fate than the praise with large reservations which alone is possible in this instance.

#### CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

COL. T. W. KNOX'S 'In Wild Africa' (Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co.) is the account of a journey of two boys across the Sahara. The author endeavors to blend instruction with amusement, and is fairly successful in describing life on the oases and in the desert and some of the

towns of the western Sudan; but the adventures possess little interest. The route chosen by Col. Knox for his boy travellers from Algeria through Fezzan to Lake Tchad and Timbuctoo, it may be added, is practically as impossible, at the present time, as a pleasure excursion among the Mahdists or a trip to the Pole. The book is well printed and is attractive in appearance, but it is a pity that a map of the route was not given.

An adventurous journey in Alaska is the subject of Mr. Kirk Munroe's 'Snow-shoes and Sledges' (Harpers). Two plucky boys make their way, against innumerable obstacles, up the Yukon to its headwaters and thence across the mountains to the coast. This gives an opportunity, of which the author abundantly avails himself, to describe the country, the natives, and a mining camp in winter, as well as the manner of travelling and camping in the interior. Jalap Coombs, the old sailor, is sketched with some humor, while the strange influence of a fur-seal's tooth upon the fortunes of the boys and their companions gives a certain mystery to the story not without its charm. Some excellent illustrations add to the attractiveness of a book which will hold the interest of its readers from beginning to end.

In his 'Three Colonial Boys' (Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co.) Mr. Everett T. Tomlinson conveys much information regarding the enmity between the Whigs and Tories of New Jersey and Staten Island in the early days of the Revolution, and the danger attending the attempts to carry powder to the American army at Cambridge; but the youthful actors in the scenes described lack life and reality. Still, young readers will follow the fortunes of the boys with interest, especially of the one who sailed in the privateer. The book, which is attractively got up, is the first of the "War of the Revolution" Series.

A story of Colonial Virginia is Mr. Howard Pyle's 'Jack Ballister's Fortunes' (The Century Co.). It is the boy's misfortunes, however, which make most impression upon the reader, for he is first kidnapped and sold as a servant on a Virginia plantation, and escapes only to fall into the hands of pirates, from whom he finally rescues a fair damsel (and, incidentally, himself). Then, of course, good fortune comes apace. He falls heir to some money and marries the girl. The general plan of the story is commonplace, despite its historical setting. It is, moreover, embarrassed with a style wordy almost beyond endurance; but it serves as a support to the pictures, which, as they originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*, were uncommonly interesting. Unfortunately they have suffered badly in their reduction for this volume.

'Jack Alden,' by Warren Lee Goes (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), is an unusually interesting story. Its pictures of scenes and incidents of army life, from the march of the Sixth Massachusetts regiment through Baltimore to the surrender at Appomattox, are among the best which we can remember to have read. If at first thought the horrors of the battle-field and the hospital seem to be described in needlessly minute detail, still it is well that the youth of to-day should realize what a price was paid for the preservation of the Union, as well as the nature of even the best wars. The principal characters are well conceived and life-like. Lessons of patriotism and nobility of character are skillfully inculcated, and there is a just appreciation of the valor and sincerity of the Confederates. The book is thoroughly wholesome reading.

One could not wish a child to gain his first

knowledge of Napoleon from such a one-sided book as Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks's 'A Boy of the First Empire' (The Century Co.). Here we see this most versatile man in the character of a good husband (separated from his wife, to be sure, by "the cruel necessities of state policy," etc.), an unselfish patriot, a generous conqueror, and a lively, human companion and friend—all truly edifying, but scarcely historical. Moreover, if French children a century ago were as important and bumptious as they are here represented, their manners have certainly improved. To say nothing of the forwardness of Philip, the hero, we have a young girl of fourteen supporting a salon all by herself, and also dancing at a court ball, apparently without creating the least surprise.

The Century Co. reprints from the magazine Anna Eichberg King's quaint 'Kitwyk Stories' in an appropriate cover of blue and white Dutch tiles. Human nature is pretty much the same wherever you find it, and these little stories of village life in the staid Holland of a century ago will find enough response, even in this breathless time and place, to make them amusing occupation for a stray half-hour; but, as they are love stories, the youngest readers will doubtless vote them "stupid."

'Dear Little Marchioness: the Story of a Child's Faith and Love' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is much the sort of book that a judicious book-taster would expect from the name. The fact of the child's being a marchioness is the only thing at all distinctive about her. The saintly old negro, her faithful attendant, explains his virtue very profitably, no doubt, when he says, "Ev'y darky on my ole mistis' place wuz baptized, an' brung up in de Lord. An' I tuck de Blessed Sacrament whene'er her an' her chillens did. How, seh, do you s'pose I kep' frum takin' dat captain's pus, what he laid on de ball table dat day, but fur dat?" This new doctrine of the efficacy of the sacraments we must leave for the bishop to explain who wrote an approving introduction to the story.

Mr. Howard Pyle reappears in 'The Garden behind the Moon' (Scribners), a fantastic, half-allegorical—shall one venture to say, altogether tiresome?—book. "I believe," says the author, "it takes more wits to cobble a pair of shoes than to write a big book, and more cleverness to make a good wax-end than to draw a picture with a lead pencil." We agree, if this is the big book; but it must be much harder to make a good wax-end than we ever supposed, if these are the pictures, for they are by no means despicable.

It is a task like those set of old by malignant stepmothers and kings with handsome daughters, to make up a fairy story in these knowing days; and, without a fairy god-mother's help, it is, like them, impossible. Yet people still keep at it. A pretty-looking book of this sort is 'Elf-Errent,' by Moira O'Neill (Dodd, Mead & Co.). It babbles of the adventures of tiny elves who live in fox-glove bells, fight bumblebees, and ride on swallows' backs; but any sensible child who has access to the real old fairy stories will not waste precious time over such insipidity.

'The Kanter Girls,' by Mary L. B. Branch (Scribners), is another superfluous book. Two real little modern girls receive the typical fairy gifts—rings of invisibility, a boat which sails of itself according to the occupant's wish, a golden chariot to fly through the air, etc. And with these aids to travel they visit distant places and see unusual things. Two little sisters might tell each other such inventions, and it would do well enough to fill up the drowsy moments before bedtime, but we hope they

would know better than to write it down in the morning.

'Chris and the Wonderful Lamp,' by Albert Stearns (The Century Co.), has some resemblance to the last-named book—that is, it bestows upon an every-day child a well-known fairy gift (in this case, Aladdin's lamp) and lets him use it according to his folly. It is, however, a much more interesting book, because strictly realistic in every other point. Chris has the lamp, to be sure, with its attendant genie at his command, but the fact that he gets so little real satisfaction and has so much annoyance in connection with it might suggest, even to a young reader, that it would be better to work steadily towards some attainable object than to have every idle wish immediately gratified. All which, doubtless, was in the author's mind, and gave him excuse for writing, though he wisely refrains from pointing the moral too obviously.

From fairies and magicians it is a relief to turn to 'Paddy O'Leary and his Learned Pig,' by Elizabeth W. Champney (Dodd, Mead & Co.), one of those unpretentious tales which are often the most satisfactory. The fortunes of an Irish boy as ordinary as his name are here told in a straightforward way, with inevitable humor and unconscious pathos enough to avoid monotony. The tone is very sympathetic, only at the end the author allows herself a little fun at Uncle Barney's expense when she raises him to the very highest pinnacle of distinction, in the estimation of his Irish friends, by making him an alderman in New York city. The pig is no mere adjunct, but such an intimate friend and boon companion as only a lean Irish pig can be, and well deserves his place on the title-page.

A collection of pleasantly written stories by Margaret Benson about her various pets is rather oddly entitled 'Subject to Vanity' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). Vanity, in fact, is only one among the creatures' unexpected characteristics which the stories illustrate. It seems possible that their sympathetic friend has attributed more human feelings to birds, cats, kids, etc., than they really possessed; but, after all, she knew the individuals and we did not.

In 'The Horse Fair' (The Century Co.) Mr. James Baldwin recounts the most notable feats of our equine friends from time immemorial. Legend, history, and poetry contribute. Phaeton's impetuous team, old Rosinante, Sheridan's war-horse, and many another famous steed here course along and do their best to reawaken the enthusiasm which once greeted them. That nothing may be left out, metaphor is pressed into service to give us the "iron horse," and the dandy horse that came so near being a bicycle, besides the sailor's odd "hobby-horse" with barrel body and bottle eyes.

While the Constitutional Convention in South Carolina is endeavoring to put blacks and whites asunder, at the ballot-box and at the fireside, politically and matrimonially, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris shows how inseparably his literary reputation is bound up with the race to which his Uncle Remus belonged. His 'Little Mr. Thimblefinger and his Queer Country' of last season is now provided with a sequel, 'Mr. Rabbit at Home' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The scene and the personages are the same, and again the real drollery of the conversation is confined to the colored nurse-girl Drusilla, while the animal stories surpass in humor all Mr. Harris's inventions or adaptations of older properties. The loss of the negro dialect continues to be felt—all the more because Mr. Rabbit, having taken the floor in

place of Uncle Remus, spends his old age in breaking down the distinction between *shall* and *will*, not to speak of minor vulgarisms of the old plantation. Laughable enough is "Why the Bear is a Wrestler"; and fairly humorous are "The Rabbit and the Moon," "An Old-Fashioned Fuss," and "A Mountain of Gold." In the last, either Mr. Harris is obscure or he insinuates the dogma of fiat money, as would be not unlikely from his connection with the staff of the perverse *Atlanta Constitution*. Mr. Oliver Herford's illustrations are as uneven as the quality of the tales.

*The Love-Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R., 1775-1779.* Edited by Gilbert Burgess. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. 1895.

It was quite worth while for Mr. Gilbert Burgess to reprint the Hackman-Reay love-letters, for they are not without literary value; we wish the editor had found it equally worth his while to face fairly and discuss critically the question of authenticity that this new edition inevitably revives.

The story of the letters is briefly as follows: In 1775 James Hackman, a young British officer, fell violently in love with Martha Reay, that beautiful and accomplished mistress of Lord Sandwich, who bore to him, among nine children, Basil Montagu, the champion of Bacon's personal character. Miss Reay, whose love for her dissolute "protector" was chiefly a quite unnecessary gratitude, long reciprocated Hackman's passion, and gave him strong hopes that she would marry him. After four years, during which time Hackman had sold his commission and taken orders—to escape the fate of an army life in Ireland afar from his lady-love—Miss Reay refused to wed. Hackman conceived that he had lost her love; and in despair he sought her at the theatre to destroy himself in her presence. Here, yielding to a sudden fit of jealousy, he shot the lady dead, and, to his wrath, succeeded in inflicting but a slight wound upon himself. He was tried, sentenced to death, and hanged; behaving on his trial and at the gallows with a fine manliness that touched London to the heart.

A year later Sir Herbert Croft told the story in a thick pamphlet called 'Love and Madness,' giving what purported to be copies of a genuine correspondence between the dead lovers. Croft inserted in one letter an important biographical sketch of Chatterton, dishonestly employing for the purpose documents lent him by Chatterton's mother and sister. When the book succeeded, Croft claimed the authorship of this letter. The world immediately doubted the genuineness of the rest; Johnson was severe; and in the *Monthly Magazine* a well-informed person expressed the general sentiment thus: "Of their authenticity we can say but little; for though we profess ourselves critics, we pretend not to be conjurers." Mr. Burgess ought to have quoted this canny remark of old John Nichols, and heeded the force of it. In this new edition, however, Mr. Burgess counts as genuine all the correspondence except the Chatterton matter; he does so after "exhaustive investigation." However dull reading a really critical controversy on this subject might have made, an editor to whom such letters seemed "a veritable 'human document' of strong interest," was bound to show the process of sifting by which his conclusion was reached.

We pretend neither to have made an "exhaustive investigation" of the case nor to be in any sense "conjurers"; but we have very little doubt that much in the letters besides



the Chatterton material is forged. Apart from purely technical matters of style, which we have no space to detail, there are numerous passages which bear every mark of insertion by Croft—an immensely versatile person—for dramatic effect. Some, if not all, the artistically ominous accounts of murder, suicide, and execution are not to be disposed of by lightly talking about “a morbid vein.” And what ingenuous criticism can view without lively suspicion such sentences as the following, beside which the prophecies of a Swedenborg concerning his own death, pale?

“Yet, could I believe (which I own I cannot from the evidence in this case) that the idea of destroying her never struck him till his finger was at the trigger; that his only intention was to lay the breathless body of an injured lover at her feet—had this been the fact, however I might have condemned the deed, I certainly should have wept over the momentary phrenzy which committed it” (pp. 137, 138).

Again:

“(Should the pen of fancy ever take the trouble to invent letters for me, I should not be suffered to write to you thus, because it would seem *unnatural*. Alas! they know not how gladly a wretch like me forgets himself.” (P. 172.)

The letters upon parts of which it would seem that suspicion must rest are of the following dates: February 16, 1776; February 22, 1776; May 29, 1776; June 18, 1776; September 15, 1776; September 18, 1776; January 26, 1777; February 6, 1777; June 27, 1777; September 20, 1777; March 2, 1778; January 28, 1779; April 18, 1779 (five P. M.). We cannot say we believe that all the rest are untampered with; but nothing is easier than to doubt.

*Palmyra and Zenobia: An Account of Palmyra and Zenobia, with Travels and Adventures in Bashan and the Desert.* By Dr. William Wright. Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1895.

The first part of this book is the narrative of a trip to Palmyra in 1874, with some notices of an earlier visit in 1872, and a few chapters on the history of Zenobia and her city Palmyra. The second part is the narrative of a missionary journey to the Lejah and Hauran. Both narratives are full of adventure, breezy and interesting. Dr. Wright must be a man of almost foolhardy courage and of great physical strength and endurance. He rides from Palmyra to Damascus, a five day's journey, in one stretch. Entirely alone he goes through regions swarming with brigands and marauding “bedawin,” and his encounters with these gentry, from which he always emerges victorious, not infrequently making friends and adherents of his adversaries, are both exciting and entertaining. He has a keen sense of humor, which often stood him in good stead in dealing with the Arabs. He was also well acquainted with Arabic, and is able in consequence to present a far more interesting picture of the people than the ordinary traveller can do. He was a good sportsman and an indefatigable explorer, and while his narrative is thoroughly popular in its character, there is much in it of value both to the archaeologist and to the Bible student. One might have expected the author of “The Empire of the Hittites” to find traces of Hittites wherever he went, but, if we remember aright, the Hittites are mentioned only once in the whole book, and then incidentally. Outside of the history of Palmyra, which, we are sorry to say, Dr. Wright connects with Solomon, archaeological information and Bible references are introduced only casually,

but are in themselves apt and almost always good.

Dr. Wright made a thorough exploration of the apparently inaccessible high-tower tombs at Palmyra, taking with him ladders and grappling irons for that purpose. He also swam up and explored for some distance the warm, underground sulphur stream at Palmyra, which appears above ground in the fountain called Ephca. In his zeal for exploration he sometimes found himself in dangerous positions, as when he dropped through a small hole at the foot of a mound in the present cemetery at Palmyra. He fell into a vault seven or eight feet high, sixty feet long, and twenty-seven feet wide.

“There were nine recesses for bodies on either side, and five at the lower end. The recesses, in length and general dimensions, resembled the *loculi* in the tomb towers which we had already explored; but they were cemented down the sides, and each had five shelves of hard-baked pottery fitted and cemented into them. On these shelves the embalmed corpses of the Palmyrans were laid, the bodies having been rammed in head foremost, with the feet out.”

It was a unique and most interesting discovery, and fortunately Dr. Wright had with him some magnesian wire, by means of which he was able to explore the tomb. But it was not so easy to get out as it had been to get in. The hole was out of reach in the roof above him. He tried to reach it by means of steps which he built out of the pottery tiles and mummies from the *loculi*, but in vain, and for a time it looked as though he were buried alive in an ancient Palmyran grave. Finally, some passing Palmyrans heard him singing and shouting, and reported that the dead were crying out of the bowels of the earth. This gave Dr. Wright's people a clue to his whereabouts, and he was rescued from “sheol.”

On another occasion, while exploring a ruin in the Lejah, he dropped through a hole and landed in the midst of a family party of Druses at their supper. “Fancy a man dropping through your ceiling when you are all at supper, and you will not be surprised to hear that I was greeted with a stony stare. I said all the apologies that I was acquainted with in Arabic, suitable to the circumstances, and immediately they were all delighted to see me, and no excuse would save me from partaking of their food.”

Dr. Wright is a missionary of the robust, burly type, carrying the repeating-rifle in one hand and the Bible in the other. But it must be said that he regarded the former as a means of defence to be shown always, but not to be used except as a last resort. He never did use it, in fact, but the threat to use it saved him from brigands more than once. On the other hand, he was evidently much in earnest in his genuine interest in the people, and willing to risk his life for their good. He even attempted to bring those shy and most unknown of all Arabs, the Suleib, into the missionary schools. If somewhat burly, his Christianity is also affectionate and tender.

The country north and south of Damascus along the desert is at the best of times dangerous and unsettled, and at the time of the journeys described in this volume the conditions were desperate. These conditions Dr. Wright describes graphically and effectively, ascribing them to Turkish misrule. He narrates several instances of collusion between Turkish officials and Arab brigands. On one occasion he was even an eye-witness to a meeting between red-handed robbers and their ally, the Turkish Governor of Palmyra. Turkish misrule he seems to ascribe to Islam, to which religion

and its founder, Mohammed, he is not altogether fair. The Druses he seems to prefer to the Moslems, and as an Englishman he finds in them natural allies, among whom he is safe even when they are at war with the Turks. Christians of the native churches do not find favor in his sight, but at the same time he observes that Christian villages are more thrifty, industrious, enterprising, and intelligent than those inhabited by Moslems.

The book is well got up and profusely illustrated, containing 381 illustrations, including three maps, in the space of 394 pages. The maps are sufficient to explain Dr. Wright's route, and the illustrations are good, and helpful, excepting a few fancy pictures, which look as if they had been made for a boys' book of adventures.

*Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage.* By C. E. L. Wingate. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

It seems certain that Mr. Wingate must have expended much time and labor upon this work, but unluckily the result is not correspondingly valuable. He has selected fourteen of the principal female characters of Shakspeare with which to head as many chapters, and then has proceeded to group beneath them notices of the various actresses, good, bad, and indifferent, who have impersonated these parts upon the stage in this country and in England since the Restoration. Naturally he has accumulated a large quantity of information, personal, statistical, and other, but the greater and best part of it—that relating to the famous actresses of preceding generations—can be found in fuller and more convenient form elsewhere, while much of the matter referring to the exploits of modern performers is scarcely worth preservation.

Mr. Wingate's work appears to be accurate, so far as it goes, but, owing to the manner of its arrangement, is not likely to be of much use for reference. The disconnected and fragmentary style, the profusion of insignificant names, and the unavoidable confusion of dates are serious faults; but the anecdotes and the plentiful illustrations will provide casual amusement to the careless reader of gossip.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Acton, Lord. A Lecture on the Study of History. Macmillan. 75 cents.  
 Allen, W. B. The Mammoth Hunters. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. 75 cents.  
 Ashe, K. P. Chronicles of Uganda. Randolph. \$3.  
 Austin, Alfred. In Veronica's Garden. Illustrated. Macmillan. \$2 50.  
 Bacon, Prof. John. Social Theory: A Grouping of Social Facts and Principles. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1 75.  
 Beljame, Al. Alastor; ou Le Génie de la Solitude. Poème Traduit en Prose Française. Paris: Hachette.  
 Berdow, Edward. Browning studies: Being Select Papers by Members of the Browning Society. London: George Allen; New York: Macmillan. \$2 25.  
 Blackwell, Dr. Elizabeth. Pioneer Work in Opening the Medical Profession to Women. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1 50.  
 Bonney, Prof. T. G. Charles Lyell and Modern Geology. Macmillan. \$1 25.  
 Bourget, Paul. The Land of Promise. F. T. Seely.  
 Campaigns in Virginia, 1861—1862. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.  
 Cheney, C. Emma. Number 49 Tinkham Street. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.  
 “Chip's” Dogs. R. H. Russell & Son. \$1.  
 “Chip's” Old Wood Cuts. R. H. Russell & Son. \$1.  
 Church, Prof. A. J. Roman Life in the Days of Cicero. Macmillan. 50 cents.  
 Church, Prof. A. J. Stories from Virgil. Macmillan. 50 cents.  
 Cobban, J. M. The King of Andaman: A Saviour of Society. Appleton.  
 Cooper, F. T. Word Formation in the Roman Sermo Plebeius: An Historical Study. Boston: Ginn & Co.  
 Cornish, Vaughan. Practical Proofs of Chemical Laws. Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents.  
 Crawford, F. M. Casa Braccio. 2 vols. Macmillan. \$2.  
 Crockett, S. R. The Stickit Minister. Macmillan. 50c.  
 Defoe, Daniel. The Fortunate Mistress. 2 vols. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. \$3.  
 Edgeworth, Maria. Popular Tales. Macmillan. \$1 25.  
 Ellis, E. S. The Young Conductor. Merriam Co. \$1 25.  
 Field, Eugene, and R. M. Echoes from the Sabine Farm. Scribners. \$2.  
 Gannett, W. C. The House Beautiful. Boston: J. H. West. 50 cents.

Godkin, E. L. Reflections and Comments. 1865-1895. Scribners. \$3.  
 Graham, P. A. Country Pastimes for Boys. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.  
 Green, Prof. W. H. The Unity of the Book of Genesis. Scribners. \$3.  
 Griffin, W. T. Grandmont: Stories of an Old Monastery. Hunt & Eaton. \$1.20.  
 Hall, Ruth. What Shall We Do? Suggestions for Entertainment. R. H. Russell & Son. 50 cents.  
 Hatch, F. H., and Chalmers, J. A. The Gold Mines of the Rand. Macmillan. \$3.50.  
 Hodges, Elizabeth. Some Ancient English Homes and their Associations. Personal, Archaeological and Historic. London: Unwin; New York: Putnam. \$4.  
 Hort, Prof. F. J. A. Prolegomena to St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and the Ephesians. Macmillan. \$1.75.  
 Hubbard, Elbert. Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great. Putnam. \$1.75.  
 Hunt, Violet. A Hard Woman: A Story in Scenes. Appleton.  
 Irving, Washington. Tales of a Traveller. 2 vols. [Buckthorne Edition.] Putnam. \$3.  
 Jameson, Anna. Sacred and Legendary Art. New ed. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.  
 Jay, W. M. L. Farrar Year-Book. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.  
 Karoly, Karl. A Guide to the Paintings of Venice. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. \$1.50.  
 Kipling, Rudyard. The Second Jungle Book. Century Co. \$1.50.  
 La Farge, John. Considerations on Painting. Macmillan. \$1.25.  
 Lamb, Charles. Essays. Maynard, Merrill & Co.  
 Lamon, W. H. Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, 1847-1905. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.  
 Langley, E. M. A Treatise on Computation. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.  
 Linn, Dr. A. P. Text-Book of Forensic Medicine and Toxicology. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. \$7.50.  
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